

# THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series }  
Volume VIII. }

No. 2928—August 18, 1900.

{ From Beginning  
Vol. CCXXVI. }

## CONTENTS

I. France, Russia, and the Peace of the World. <i>By Karl Blind</i> . . . . .	
	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 401
II. Conversations with Gounod. <i>By the Baroness Martinengo-Cesaresco</i> . . . . .	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE 410
III. The Pearl. <i>By C. D. W.</i> . . . . .	415
IV. Old and New Japan. II. <i>By André Bellesort.</i> . . . .	REVUE DES DEUX MONDES 416
	Translated for The Living Age.
V. For the Bookplate of a Married Couple. <i>By Ford M. Hueffer</i> . . . . .	From "POEMS OF PICTURES" 427
VI. Town Children in the Country. <i>By Henrietta O. Barnett</i> . . . . .	NINETEENTH CENTURY 428
VII. Another Man's Bag: The Narrative of ex-Professor Crossley. Chapter II. <i>By W. E. Cule</i> . . . . .	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL 434
VIII. A Mind and A Mind . . . . .	ACADEMY 438
IX. Forgive Our Debts, As We Do Not Forgive. <i>By Frederick Langbridge</i> . . . . .	441
X. The Saving of Wyllard's Wheat. <i>By Harold Bindloss</i> . . . . .	ARGOSY 442
XI. A Run Through St. Helena. <i>By John Walker</i> . . . . .	LEISURE HOUR 448
XII. The Dreamer. <i>By St. John Lucas</i> . . . . .	SPECTATOR 452
XIII. Old Betty and Her Ladyship. <i>By L. G. Moberly</i> . . . . .	TEMPLE BAR 453
XIV. The Chinese Government. II.—Provincial . . . . .	SATURDAY REVIEW 458
XV. A Vision of the Dead. <i>By E. L. Thomas</i> . . . . .	SUNDAY MAGAZINE 460
XVI. Christianity a Religion of Growth . . . . .	SPECTATOR 461
XVII. The Samphire Gatherer. <i>By Nora Hopper</i> . . . . .	464

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy, or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

# ROBERT TOURNAY

By WILLIAM SAGE ♣ Crown 8vo, \$1.50  
A Romance of the French Revolution ♣♣♣

Most thrilling.—*Boston Journal*.

A stirring tale, full of movement, swift action, and thrilling adventure.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The scenes he has sketched with a free hand are full of the tragic interest surrounding the events of the French Revolution. The romance is finely conceived, and written as the story-tellers of an earlier day might have told it, with simplicity and directness. The figures stand out clearly, there are not too many of them, and there is a captivating swing to their movements.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

**HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY**  
Boston and New York

## JOHN BURROUGHS

### THE LIGHT OF DAY

Religious Discussions and Criticisms from the Naturalist's Point of View. 16mo, \$1.25; 12mo, uniform with the Riverside Edition of Burroughs's Works, gilt top, \$1.50 net; uncut, paper label, \$1.50 net. This book contains a very frank and unconventional statement of Mr. Burroughs's views on matters theological and religious.

WORKS. Each vol., 16mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

RIVERBY.

WAKE-ROBIN.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.

FRESH FIELDS.

INDOOR STUDIES.

BIRDS AND POETS.

PEPACTON: A Summer Voyage.

SIGNS AND SEASONS.

WHITMAN: A Study.

## OLIVE THORNE MILLER

FOUR-HANDED FOLK. A book about the kinkajou, "living balls," the lemur, mar-mosets, chimpanzee, the ocelot, and various kinds of monkeys.

BIRD-WAYS.

IN NESTING TIME.

LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE AIR.

A BIRD-LOVER IN THE WEST.

UPON THE TREE-TOPS. Illustrated.

Each, 16mo, \$1.25.

THE FIRST BOOK OF BIRDS. Illustrated.

Square 12mo, \$1.

Among the many agreeable studies of bird life and bird character, none have been more charming than those from the pen of Olive Thorne Miller.—*Christian Union*, New York.

## FLORENCE A. MERRIAM

BIRDS OF VILLAGE AND FIELD. Over 300 Illustrations. 12mo, \$2.

A-BIRDING ON A BRONCHO. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.25.

BIRDS THROUGH AN OPERA-GLASS.

Illustrated. 16mo, 75 cents.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

**Houghton, Mifflin & Company**      =      =      **Boston**

# GOOD BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

## Oh, What a Plague is Love!

By KATHARINE TYNAN, author of "The Dear Irish Girl," etc. 12mo., 75 cents.

In this bright little story the author has told in a most entertaining way how a too keen susceptibility to the tender passion on the part of a gallant, though somewhat elderly gentleman, is a constant source of anxiety to his grown-up children, who are devotedly attached to him. The dialogue is sparkling throughout, the characters charmingly naive and natural, and the book fairly bubbles over with fun and good humor. It is an ideal book for summer outings.

"Leigh Hunt would have delighted in Mrs. Hinkson. He knew how to value high spirits in a writer, and the gaiety of this cheerful story would have charmed him immensely."—*The Saturday Review*.

## The Dread and Fear of Kings.

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS. 12mo., \$1.25.

The period of this romance is the beginning of the Christian era, and the scenes are laid in Rome, the Island of Capri, and other parts of Italy. The interest of the love story, the exciting incidents and the spirited dialogue enchain the attention of the reader.

"For stirring adventure and romantic love scenes one need go no further. Mr. Ellis has written a book that will be eagerly read by all who like a stirring and well-told story."—*The Chicago Tribune*.

## The Cardinal's Musketeer.

By M. EMLAT TAYLOR, author of "On the Red Staircase," "An Imperial Lover," "The House of the Wizard," etc., etc. 12mo., \$1.25.

A rousing tale of adventure and love, whose scenes are laid in France in the time of Richelieu. The hero of the story is a knightly youth, brave and generous, and a devoted lover. He enters the service of the cardinal, and his chivalrous wooing of the aristocratic Renée forms the foundation of one of the most delightful romances Miss Taylor has yet written, while the plots of the king's mother, Marie de Medicis, and the counter-plots of the patriotic cardinal give rise to forceful action and dramatic situations. The story captivates at once and holds the attention throughout.

"It is a strong, well-studied reproduction of the times of Cardinal Richelieu. . . . The tale is full of life and love, of daring night rides, of gallant fights. It is a stirring romance, overflowing with life and action."—*The Indianapolis News*.

## The Dear Irish Girl.

By KATHARINE TYNAN, author of "Oh, What a Plague is Love!" 12mo., \$1.50.

"The story has delightful bits of character, quaint pictures of places and people, the true Irish atmosphere of sunny innocence and quick mirthfulness, the social ease and *insouciance*, the ready humor which is not to be analyzed; all the characteristics we look for are there."—*The World, London, Eng.*

"This story ranks easily among the best of Irish stories."—*St. Paul Globe*.

## McLoughlin and Old Oregon.

A Chronicle.

By EVA EMERY DYE. Frontispiece. 12mo., gilt top, \$1.50.

This is a most graphic and interesting chronicle of the movement that added to the United States that vast territory, previously a British possession, of which Oregon formed a part, and how Dr. John McLoughlin, then chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay company for the northwest, by his fatherly interest in the settlers, displeased the Hudson's Bay Company and aided the United States. The author has gathered her facts at first hand, and as a result the work is vivid and picturesque and reads like a romance.

"Mrs. Dye had rare material at hand and has used it with great skill and effectiveness. She has the historian's gift for bringing out significant events—the novelist's gift for vivifying characters."—*The Buffalo Express*.

## Memoirs of Alexander I, And the Court of Russia.

By MME. LA COMTESSE DE CHOISEUL-GOUFFIER. Translated from the French by Mary Berenice Patterson. With portraits, 12mo., gilt top, deckle edges, \$1.50.

The author of this volume was an intimate friend of Alexander and an ardent supporter of his foreign and domestic policy. When Napoleon entered Russia she was presented to him, and her pages contain a life-like and characteristic picture, but not a very flattering one, of the "Little Corporal." The book is full of bright and witty sayings, and presents a remarkably true portrait of Alexander, who occupied during the first quarter of the nineteenth century as pre-eminent a position in the world of diplomacy as did Napoleon in military affairs. Only two copies of the original of this work are known to exist, from one of which the present translation has been made.

## Opportunity and Other Essays and Addresses.

By RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria, author of "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," etc. 12mo., \$1.00.

A valuable contribution to modern thought on education and other topics.

"All that Bishop Spalding writes is sure to be said gracefully and earnestly, in love and charity. He is surely one of the highest types of 'Americanism' that the Church of Rome has produced."—*The Churchman, New York*.

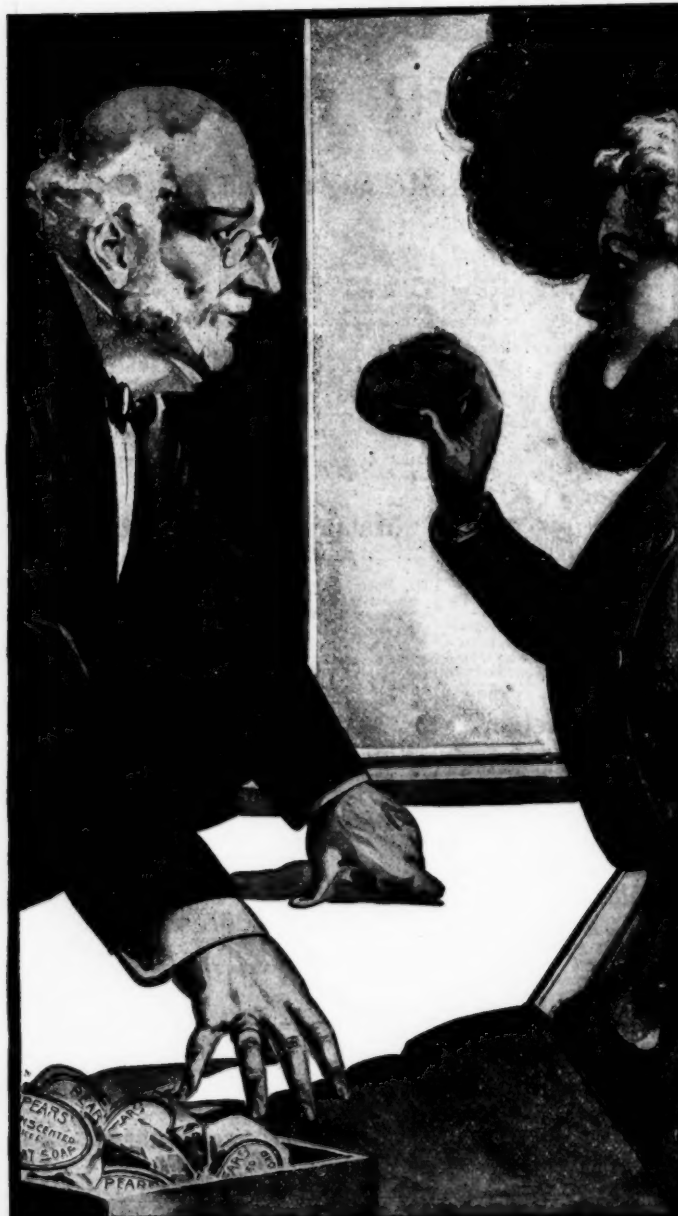
## The Honey-Makers.

By MARGARET W. MORLEY, author of "A Song of Life," "Life and Love," "The Bee People," etc. 12mo., gilt top, illustrated, \$1.50.

A book about bees for bee lovers and others. "Miss Morley combines the thoroughness, accuracy and enthusiasm of a naturalist with the graceful touch of a skilled artist."—*New York Tribune*.

For sale by booksellers generally, or mailed, on receipt of price, by the publishers

**A. C. McCLURG & CO., 215-221 Wabash Ave., Chicago**



# PEARS' SOAP

**"YES, THAT'S THE GENUINE,  
and it has no equal."**

**Established over 100 Years—20 International Awards.**



# THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.  
VOLUME VIII.

NO. 2928. AUGUST 18, 1900.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CXXXVI.

---

## FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

It is a strange psychological fact in world-politics that when, after a spell of peace, war breaks out somewhere, it is soon followed by a series of other wars in rather unexpected quarters. Japan and China; the United States of America and Spain, with the still lasting Philippine conflict; England and the South African Republics, are some recent instances. Not to mention the extraordinary number of previous wars which followed each other with great rapidity, during about half a century, between the Russia of Nicholas I and the Allied Powers; France and Austria; Italian Democracy and the Kingdom of Naples; the United States and the Slaveholders' League; France and the Mexican Republic; Germany and Denmark; insurgent Poland and Russia; Prussia and the German Confederation; France and Germany; Servia and Turkey; Russia and Turkey; Bulgaria and Servia; Russia and the Khانات of Central Asia; the Transvaal and England; England and the Egypt of Arabi Pasha, with the later struggles in the Sudan; France and Madagascar; Greece and Turkey. Add to this the wars fought by this country in Afghanistan, beyond the eastern and north-western frontiers of India, and in the Sudan; and by France in Africa and Southern Asia. The whole forms a

pretty array of butchers' bills in human flesh.

I do not say this as one who holds all war to be wrong. Far from it. When a nation has to defend its independence against foreign aggression; when freemen rise with arms in hand for the overthrow of tyranny, the sword has its full justification. Arbitration "from case to case," on matters which two countries can reasonably agree upon to submit to an umpire, is certainly to be recommended most strongly by all men in whom there is a spark of human feeling. But when Napoleon III, who had murdered two Republics, tried to do the same for the Mexican Republic, and, being foiled there, sought an escape from difficulties growing upon him by a war against Germany, no sensible person could say that in those cases there was anything to arbitrate upon. Murdered Republics, fortunately, have sometimes their resurrection. Though the Roman Commonwealth of 1849 did not rise again, its heroic defender, Garibaldi, the associate of Mazzini, became the founder in 1860 of Italian unity. The French Republic revived in 1870, after the fall of the Man of December.

The fact of so many wars following upon each other, as soon as the spell of peace is broken, remains a noteworthy

and disquieting phenomenon. It is as if the minds of men came under the influence of a quickly-spreading contagion of forcible action, whether for good or for evil purposes. In criminal science and statistics this rule is well-known. Evidently it holds good also on political ground. At this very moment when the deplorable war in South Africa is not yet ended—and whilst we are told that "no shred of independent government" is to be left to two Republics which had both, until quite recently, been acknowledged by England as "foreign States" and "foreign Powers"—a lurid danger of new war appears already in the Far East.<sup>1</sup> It comes from that vast Chinese Empire, upon which the rulers of various nations have fixed their eager eyes and their strong hands.

The outlook is a serious one. It is all the more serious for England, because her nearest neighbor on the other side of the Channel is known to be filled with sentiments of extreme bitterness about Egypt and Fashoda, whilst her distant rival and at heart enemy, Imperial Russia, not only harbors masterful designs against China, but also has crept up with military force to the very edge of the Afghan bulwark of India—much to the repeatedly expressed alarm of the Ameer Abdur Rahman.

Without indulging in a senseless cabalistic Abracadabra of political astrology, I am convinced that, out of the present sad war in South Africa, more wars will be evolved, for more than one reason. The Dutch population of the two Republics, from whom in the name of freedom their freedom and independence is to be taken, will in future form a fretting sore on what is proudly called "the Empire" by men whose ideal seems to be more the Rome of old in its de-

cay than the traditions of an English Commonwealth or of a "glorious Revolution." At the Cape the indignant Dutch kinsmen of those Republics—which are to be made into Crown Colonies under military dictatorship—will, in coming years, add to a danger that must necessitate the maintenance in South Africa of an army out of all proportion to the weaponed strength this country seems ready to bear or to buy.

But that is not all. The present struggle may be "muddled through." Yet a country which holds the fifth part of the inhabitable globe cannot go on forever on the system of muddle, if the Irishism of the juxtaposition of these two words is allowable. The fact is, in the absence of all system we cannot well speak of a system.

Here I come to a point on which an unpleasant duty has to be fulfilled, but a duty, nevertheless, for one who, whilst strongly disagreeing from a war policy once scathingly denounced by the author of the war himself, may truly say that he has the welfare of this country at heart.

It is no use blinking facts. This South African struggle has laid bare dangerous rifts and flaws in England's armor. During a war against a population not more numerous than that of a second- or third-rate English town—a war which has lasted now for nearly nine months—military observers abroad, hostile or friendly, have noted many significant points. They have seen that nearly the whole of the available, and comparatively very small, forces of England had to be employed in South Africa. They have wondered that even the little European army in India (ordinarily not more than 74,000 men, many of whom are in hospital, in a dominion containing nearly 300,000,000 inhabitants) had to be drafted upon. They have remarked that, but for the help of the smart Irregular Volunteers

<sup>1</sup> This was written before the recent warlike events.

from the Colonies, the result of various engagements might have turned out somewhat different.

With the readiness never lacking in truly brave men, foreign soldier critics have meted out full praise to the valor repeatedly shown by English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish, Australian and Canadian troops. At the same time they have pointed out that, in several most important cases, it is scarcely possible to say, as has been done, that "the men fought splendidly," when the real fact was that they had been led into a trap by inefficient officers, and were mown down by hundreds in little more than a minute, before they had the slightest idea where they were.

Again, those foreign observers, whose business it is, even from the more abstract and theoretical point of view of military science, to study these things, have noted that nearly half a year passed ere such incapable leadership, shown by general after general, was at last superseded by one man of greater foresight and daring energy. They were astonished, however, that with such a spectacle before the world's eyes, many of those discredited officers, in whom the troops could scarcely have any further confidence, were yet left in their risky positions. This to other countries almost inconceivable procedure was attributed partly to the lack of better material in officers, partly to the aristocratic or plutocratic social influences in the army management.

Considering the fact that the United Kingdom was nearly bared of really serviceable troops, and that both the Militia and the Volunteers were undermanned, foreign observers were much astonished that Government not only did not dare to propose the introduction of an easy Militia system such as free Switzerland has, but that it had not even the courage to make the existing law of conscription operative in regard to the Militia, although that

force, besides being under its proper strength, was still further weakened by volunteering from its ranks into the regular army. From all this the conclusion was drawn that, at the back of a warlike enthusiasm displayed in street manifestations and in the wearing of patriotic colors, there is not a corresponding willingness among the masses, in the midst of the greatest danger abroad, to bear even the light burden of a few weeks' militia service every year, in view of the possibly necessary home defence of a fatherland, protected by the most powerful fleet, and therefore so far—though not absolutely—sheltered from direct attack.

The question is then asked abroad: How would England fare in a war in which she had to struggle against a strong military and naval Power, or a combination of two such Powers—say, Russia and France? Historically speaking, how would it have gone with her at Waterloo or in the Crimea, had she not had what she cannot get now—namely, foreign allies, with a vast preponderance of troops of theirs over her own?

When storm-clouds are gathering on the horizon, the eye naturally looks first towards a near country, whose people, in a famous phrase, must be "taught manners." The political situation there merits special study under present circumstances. A recent stay at Paris, where we met old friends and new acquaintances—among them, prominent politicians in and out of Parliament, editors, public writers, political economists, distinguished scholars, scientists and leaders of various social movements, belonging to different party-shades—afforded good opportunities for inquiring into the state of affairs.

London is the centre of an Empire stretching over the five parts of the world. Yet Paris, superficially at any rate, gives one the impression of a

more cosmopolitan character. Certainly the members of many different nations seem to mix better there than elsewhere. At an evening gathering arranged by our own family circle there were men and women of French, English, German, Belgian, Polish, Greek, Ottoman ("Young Turkish"), and American nationality, together with some members of the Chinese Embassy. Conversation with many persons, who have for a long time been foreign residents in France, helps in the way of supplementing or checking native opinion or forecast. The politeness, free from stiff formality, of good Parisian society will always be a charm to those who, with proper command of the country's language, know how to enter into the ways and manners of the French. On occasions like the one just mentioned much may be heard which has nothing whatever to do with the gutter Press, either in France or elsewhere, but which, for that very reason, is of highly serious import.

I found French feeling about England one of extreme bitterness—even more so than I had known before from Press reports and from private correspondence with old friends. Egypt and Fashoda are, no doubt, in the background of that hostile attitude. They form the leading motive of many variations in the *furioso* key. Ever since forty centuries have looked down from the Pyramids upon the army of Bonaparte, it has been assumed by Frenchmen that their country has a vested right in the Nile land. The armed overthrow of Arabi Pasha without even a declaration of war, the non-fulfilment of the promised evacuation of Egypt "within six months," after a lapse of eighteen years, are themes on which the changes are continually rung. The reforms effected by England in Egypt since 1882 are held to be of no account. Upon the top of this ever-present antagonism has

come the bad feeling evoked by the attack upon the South African Republic.

It cannot, I believe, be said with truth that the mass of the French take a deep interest in the fate of nations lying under the iron heel of foreign rule or threatened with oppression. Witness the remarkable suddenness with which, after a century of pro-Polish sympathies, they threw themselves into the arms of Czardom. Yet it can neither be denied that among their better-class politicians, and among the more fair-thinking section of the younger generation, a genuine sentiment in favor of the South African Republics is in existence. That sentiment is fed by the knowledge of a sprinkling of descendants from French Huguenots being contained in the Boer population. It is not all from jealousy and rivalry that the opposition to England has arisen in this war. Unpleasant as the truth may sound, it is a truth that the conscience of Europe—nay, of the civilized world—has spoken through the utterances of a great many "Intellectuals"—from Herbert Spencer, Alexander Bain, George Meredith, Walter Crane and many others, to Mommsen and Tolstol. These men are certainly not enemies of England. I know of a good many abroad who, from well-reasoned care for the best interests of this country, and for the progress and peace of the world, have deplored the threatening pressure upon the South African Republic, which, according to a former warning of the Colonial Secretary, must inevitably have "led to war, and leave behind it the embers of a strife which generations would hardly be long enough to extinguish."

Even in France, in spite of the unquestionable jealousy against this country which exists among the bulk of the nation, there are men who, from a simple sense of justice, share the opinions of many eminent Dutch, Belgian,

German, Austrian, Swiss, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Italian spokesmen and writers. The same is the case across the Atlantic, in spite of an "Anglo-Saxon" kinship whose formation into an alliance with England was somewhat prematurely announced. Such a state of opinion among so many cultured nations is not to be lightly disregarded. The best friends of England abroad feel a deep and growing concern as to the ultimate outcome of the war. This country is now thoroughly in the once boasted "splendid isolation." Its military power for covering vast possessions in the fifth part of our planet is looked at abroad in case of a great war, as being very insufficient.

At Paris I only found a different view in regard to the South African war in the house of a well-known Parliamentarian and honorary member of the Cobden Club, whose kind hospitality we enjoyed. He has done excellent service in the Dreyfus case, courageously setting his face against the prevailing intolerant madness. As to his views about the war, M. Yves Guyot and a few friends of his are almost the only instances of anti-Boer sentiment. True, a solitary other instance of the same kind I met with. It is that of a former member of the Commune Government of 1871, introduced to me after its defeat by a distinguished German scientist, the late Dr. Ludwig Büchner. That ex-member of the Commune, for whom, years ago, I was glad to be able to procure an amnesty from President Grévy through Louis Blanc, has held for some time past a Government position under the Republic. I much respect that gifted friend as a free-thinking writer on philosophical subjects. To the surprise, however, of his former associates in England, he has written a bitter book against the Jews as a race. In the present war he,

also very unexpectedly, sides against the Boers. With these two exceptions I found French sentiment universally and absolutely, so far as my experience went, arrayed against England. I have gone into these details merely from a wish of stating everything fairly and truthfully, irrespective of my own views.

French feeling against this country has reached such a pitch that, by way of revulsion, the hostility to Germany has actually, or at least apparently, made place for an attitude of friendliness in a most remarkable degree. It need not be said that quiet watchfulness remains the same as before on the other side of the Vosges among a nation, which, for many hundreds of years, has been the incessant object of aggression, whether Royal Republican, or Imperial Governments were at the head of France.

From an American friend who has lived in Paris for a long time, and who knows well what is going on among the wealthier classes, I heard that, as regards languages, both German and English are very much cultivated now by the higher middle class and the aristocracy. Is this a sign of an increasing abatement of deplorable national antipathies? or perhaps the reverse? In days long gone by—say, when Rabelais wrote, and still much later on—the French were not so averse from the study of foreign tongues as they became later on. Possibly the same might be said of England, where centuries ago the knowledge of Italian was a requisite of a good education.

It might be suspected that both English and German are more cultivated now with a view to some future hostile conflicts. Were such contingencies to arise, France would probably be somewhat better equipped in knowledge than she was before the "Terrible Year," as Victor Hugo called it. At the same time I believe that among the



younger generation there are large and growing numbers who have no wish for a repetition of dread armed encounters, especially not on the eastern frontier. With many of them, I think, there are really higher aspirations at the bottom of those linguistic efforts. They begin to see that the boulevards are not the boundary of the civilized world; that there are nations *là bas* whose language and literature merit attention; whose art even, in some branches, is to be admired or studied. Witness the spreading Wagner cult, in remarkable contradistinction from former riotous scenes at the attempt of making some of the great composer's works known to a select audience at Paris.

Altogether, France has awakened to a deep consciousness of her backward state in many branches of information. For the furtherance of public instruction, especially in its primary branch, the Third Republic has provided a yearly budget, which, compared with that of the Second Empire, is simply enormous. It is more than ten times what it was before the war of 1870-71, as may be seen by those versed in comparative statistics, from the *Journal Officiel* of April last. The present budget, leaving out the art section—which, after all, is also a natural branch of public instruction—amounts to 208,154,163 francs. In this matter, at least, the Revolution of September 4th, 1870, has achieved a progress which reaches the masses, whilst so many other obsolete and anti-democratic institutions still remain unreformed, in spite of the many political and social upheavals France has gone through during more than a century.

Primary instruction in France is now gratuitous, compulsory and secular. Formerly it was different in all these respects. At the time of the fall of Napoleon III there were many departments, especially in the west and the

south, in which the number of those unable to read and to write was between 61 and 75, 50 per cent. of the population! Only the departments near the German and Swiss frontiers—in Alsace and in the Jura—the proportion of the wholly uneducated sank down to 7 or even 5 per cent. No wonder that when the Man of December made a tour through southern France with his consort Eugénie, he was actually greeted by the ignorant peasantry as "the Little One" (Napoleon I), "who has come back," and that his wife was acclaimed with shouts of "Vive Marie Louise!" He himself laughingly told this to Queen Victoria on his visit here. Sir Theodore Martin has recorded it.

There is yet a great deal of dense ignorance, especially among the agricultural masses in France. Certainly, the Republic firmly tries at home to wrest from the priesthood the power of upholding intellectual obscurantism. Unfortunately, abroad, in its foreign policy the Republican Government still goes by the old monarchical tradition of making political use of the Papacy. This is a perilous kind of double-dealing. It goes to strengthen those clericalist, Orleanist, Bonapartist, anti-Dreyfus and military cliques which often combine against the existing Commonwealth. Considering that, under the present educational system, the popular classes have made, at any rate, some advance, I was astonished to find in private conversation that a distinguished political economist repeated to me the old fallacy about people becoming "pauperized" by a gratuitous system of education. It is true he belongs to the old Manchester school, some adherents of which are to be found even in France.

Those whose memory goes back to the 'fifties and 'sixties know only too well in what a state of educational neglect the popular masses in England



itself were then. At that time more than 32 per cent. of the newly-married could not sign their names—namely, 26 per cent. of the bridegrooms, and 37 per cent. of the brides. In some English counties the number of the unlettered was over 56 per cent. Such was the result of the hypocritical fear of "pauperizing" the people by gratuitous instruction.

The still backward state of the large rural population in France is always a menace to the Republic. When Paris also goes wrong politically, that danger becomes great indeed. The "City of Light," to use Victor Hugo's phrase, lost its head at Boulanger's time completely. Had the "brave General" not been kept back (in truly French manner), from action at the last moment, and persuaded to fly by his paramour, over whose grave he afterwards shot himself at Brussels when he had become penniless, the fate of the Republic would have been sealed.

Now, in the last municipal elections Paris has once more gone wrong. From being formerly Red it has this time voted Black, at the beck and call of the military anti-Dreyfus gang. Such is the explanation given in letters from French friends.

Whilst we were at Paris, shortly before those elections, the friends with whom I discussed the situation did not foresee any coming trouble either in municipal affairs, which were on the point of being decided, or in Parliament, which was not then in session. I expressed a different view. So little did a distinguished member of the House of Deputies apprehend a coming row in that rather turbulent Assembly, that when I asked him on what day the sittings would begin again, he actually confessed that he did not know; and he seemed to care very little. Yet, no sooner was the Chamber opened than there followed a terribly stormy scene,

which led to General de Galliffet's resignation. It showed once more what dangers are lurking under the parliamentary surface. Not from increased ill-health did the pitiless slaughterer of the Commune resign, but because he would not go to the full desirable length against former military comrades, even though, for a while, he had acted with a firm hand against some of the worst offenders.

I may say that when General Galliffet was first appointed by President Loubet as a sort of terrifying Saviour of the imperilled Republic, I expressed strong apprehensions to an old friend, a well-known scientist, who had gone through the Revolution of 1848 and the *coup d'état* of 1851, and who thus became, for a time, a prisoner and an exile. I thought Galliffet himself had to be watched very closely. This view was held by my French friend to be one of unnecessary alarm. Now, however, both he and another old associate practically acknowledge that Galliffet could not be trusted any longer in his dealing with the military clique. Of General André, who has been put in his place, I am informed that "he is of no importance whatever, but devoted to the Republic—which is a point not to be neglected."

My personal experience, strangely enough, has been for years to this effect, that otherwise careful and perspicacious French politicians often seem to lose the power of correct judgment shortly before a fatal event or a highly critical contingency. Fortunately the Republic has had a great deal of luck in her many troublous complications, which are marked by the names of Marshal MacMahon; Gambetta, the demagogic Cæsarist; Boulanger; and the conspiratory group of deeply-tainted military men of recent date. It must, however, not be forgotten that if a considerable section of the Parisian masses goes wrong, the public peril

becomes such that only an ambitious general, who can draw a few regiments after him, is required for undoing the Republic.

Since Napoleon III rebuilt Paris on a plan he had already formed as an exile—that is, by cutting large, straight streets across the town for the effective operation of ordnance—resistance by building barricades has become well-nigh impossible. Let us hope that a coming man is not hidden somewhere who will one day suddenly and dictatorially make an end of a state of things which so frequently verges upon a collapse. Were a *coup d'état* carried out, it would inevitably lead to war as a means of escaping from internal difficulties created by the distracting condition of Opposition parties. This ever-recurring cycle of revolution, reaction, war and revolution again, has marked the history of France since 1789. And a similar possibility has to be reckoned with.

The gathering clouds in the Far East are another evil omen of coming conflicts which may tax the whole strength of England. The Czar, with all his dulcet profession of humane care for the peace of the world, has quickly enough made use of the South African entanglement—first, by impressing the Ameer of Afghanistan through a show of military force at the frontier; secondly, by putting Persia under Muscovite financial control; thirdly, by harrying Turkey in the matter of railways in northern Asia Minor. These three feats are indicative of well-known ulterior designs of Czardom.

I have before me a letter of twelve pages, with large additional enclosures, from an Indian friend, who dwells on the great discontent prevailing in his native country. He belongs to an ancient Mohammedan family, whose members have been often in native Government service. He himself having studied in England and formed

good connections in high social circles here, has for years been such an admirer of the institutions of this country that he generally spoke of it as his "home." In a "Farewell to London" he said, years ago:—

"On my return, I shall carry with me many lively recollections, and a deep and inexpressible sense of gratitude towards those with whom I have come in contact, and of respect and honor for the English race in general, infinitely exceeding that which I felt when I first landed in England."

In a pamphlet, "The Bulwark of India," the same author strongly took sides with England as against Russia's designs on Afghanistan. Wise words of warning were also uttered by him on the bad treatment of Indians by English officials and residents.

The alarm pervading the palace at Kabul just now, owing to Russian procedure, has had its significant echo in communications recently made to me by the former Chief Secretary of the Ameer. Under such circumstances, I believe the letter of the Indian friend mentioned, who has hitherto been so warm an admirer of England, and whose continued loyalty is not to be doubted, is a noteworthy sign. He now feels indescribably disappointed and shocked. I pass over what he says approvingly of what I have written on South African affairs. He then goes on:—

"In my opinion, those who have read Sir Edward Clarke's speeches, Mr. Frederic Harrison's Open Letter to Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Morley's speeches, etc., cannot but come to any conclusion other than that this war is one of the most cruel, unjust, and inhuman wars. It is difficult to believe that a country like England, the nursery of freedom and independence, should wage it against a people so weak and insignificant as the Boers. Say whatever Lord Salisbury and his asso-

clates may say, it is clear that gold-fields and diamonds are the cause. Is this the fruit of civilization? Civilization sometimes, perhaps often, does things which barbarism will be ashamed to do. Pride and wealth appear to have blinded and spoilt Englishmen. . . . I am following events with much anxiety and interest, and pray for an early termination of the war."

The writer refers to the collections of money made in India for present war purposes, though millions and millions of people there know nothing about this war, and famine and plague decimate vast districts. "Englishmen in this country," he continues, "are very keen about what they call their prestige. They are determined to maintain it at any price. It seems to me strange, very strange indeed, that in money matters they should forget it." He then pleads for "spending such collected money in the relief of the famine which has been ravaging India." In an exposition comprising six folio pages he points out the mistakes committed by Government in its ordinances concerning the plague. He does not do so from any religious prejudice. In his letter he sympathetically mentions Huxley and Herbert Spencer. But he cannot conceal his apprehension about the opinions of the hundreds of millions who are subject to English rule having often been unnecessarily offended. This combined with the heavy taxation of the suffering masses and the offensive social treatment of the higher-class natives by Englishmen in India, constitutes, in his view, a danger not to be lightly disregarded.

Of his ideas about the war, and his

*The Fortnightly Review.*

whole communication, including his name, the writer says that I can make any use I like. Remembering the laws or rather ordinances, under which India is governed, this suggestion is certainly a proof of courage and, it seems to me, a serious sign of the times.

Summing up the whole situation, I hold that there are great perils ahead for England. Friendly warning may be unwelcome to those heedlessly and headlessly bent upon a course which was formerly denounced by its own originator as the most risky and the most baneful imaginable. But for the calm observer there can be no doubt that the conscience of the civilized world has, in this South African war, been as much shocked as if some Continental Power were to destroy by force of arms the independence and the Republican institutions of Switzerland, or the independence and the somewhat Conservative institutions of the Netherlands. An outcry of indignation at such a deed would ring all over the world. Such an outcry has rung, in the present instance, from Europe to America, and it is being taken up even by cultured Indians of the most loyal character. The friends of England abroad are angered and sad at heart. Her enemies are reckoning upon what may befall her some day, when she will be assailed by a variety of complications. More than one storm-cloud is already in course of formation. The time may not be too far when those answerable for what is done now will appear before History, not as the Makers of new Imperial Glories, but as the thoughtless Unmakers of England.

*Karl Blind.*

## CONVERSATIONS WITH GOUNOD.

The following notes of conversation with Charles Gounod seem so characteristic of the man and of the artist that, on reading them over after the lapse of many years, I have thought it a pity to reconsign them to oblivion in the old desk where they lay hidden. I give them to the public, therefore, just as they are, because if I began to take out all reference to myself, they would no longer have the merit of showing the kind and affectionate disposition of the Master who did not care what trouble he took to please people whom he liked.

I was passionately fond of music, and I had the intense desire to see something of a life for and in art which takes hold of most young folks who have heard operas and read books about musicians, but whom a cruel fate has kept hitherto afar from what seems to them a world of enchantment. I endorsed upon faith the saying of George Sand: "To be an artist,—only that makes life worth living!"

In this state of mind my happiness may be imagined when a friend asked my mother and me to accompany her to one of Gounod's Sunday afternoon receptions. It was at the time when he was living in London after the French war. I felt a little alarmed when I was introduced to the Master, but he at once placed me at my ease, and thus began one of the pleasantest friendships of my life. For three or four months I saw Gounod frequently, and after some of these interviews I wrote down what he said, exactly in his own words. As a rule, he spoke to us in English, which he had not learned very long, but which he spoke with a command and felicity of language rare among foreigners. Sometimes, however, he was at a loss for a word and

used a French one, and then he would go on talking in his own tongue. If he was speaking of something that interested him he was carried away by his subject, and seemed to irradiate an enthusiasm which it was impossible to resist.

One of his favorite themes was Palestrina. "Palestrina's music," he said, "is holy music. I do not say sacred music, because God knows what is not brought out as such in these days. But it is holy; it is the music of worship, passionless, calm, pure, majestic, strong as the Faith! It is outside of earth and its passions; it swells and falls like the waves of the sea; it is the music of the supernatural." And again, another day, he said: "Palestrina's music is immense, it is like the sea. A gentleman said to me, 'What was that tedious piece by Palestrina?' I answered him by a little story. When my mother-in-law, who is a very excitable, enthusiastic person, first saw the sea, she exclaimed, 'Oh, my friend, how magnificent, how sublime!' My father-in-law answered, 'There is certainly a great deal of water.' Yet, you see, a great deal of water makes something, it makes the ocean. But Palestrina's music requires a long training and tradition [to execute]. I can assure you that when I heard that piece in St. Peter's at Rome, it filled me; it took away my breath with its grandeur."

I set down now some of his stray remarks.

"I believe that Mozart was neither more nor less than Raphael in another form. His genius is the same, is identical, in another art."

"Singing is expression, singing is painting. The voice should interpret every thought and feeling differently.

So is music altogether. Should I make an angel speak as Faust would speak to Margaret, or should I address a Pagan goddess as I should address a Christian saint?"

"I am now writing something, something of the Annunciation. And the other night I was thinking of the words: 'The Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee named Nazareth to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph of the House of David, and the Virgin's name was Mary. And the Angel came unto her and said "Hall!"' and then at the words, 'He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David,' I heard such chords, such music, as I never heard before. I wrote it all down."

If I were only twenty, I would go into a convent for ten years. I would be there alone with my God like Moses on Sinai; I would work towards my ideal. But there is no faith in the world; people can hear but one word, money, money, money, money."

"I do not gain, I lose by hearing my works performed. I cannot let my 'Polyeucte' come out for there are no tenors [1873]. I could not bear, as I have borne, to hear my work destroyed and murdered; I could not endure that suffering; it would kill me. Now, you know, the greatest, perhaps the only, pleasure of art is the conception. What I hear can never be adequately interpreted. I think the second act, the baptism of Polyeucte, is the finest I ever wrote."

"Music is the most beautiful art, but it is the most detestable profession. But is that not right? That which belongs most to heaven should fare worst on earth."

"People will run after all that is superficial and frivolous, the *plaisanterie de l'art*. Yes, after Offenbach and his kind. I hate that sort of music!

And then, look at Beethoven! Look at him after the long martyrdom of his life dying with the words on his lips, 'And yet I thought that I had something here!' Placing his hand on his head a little while before he died and saying, 'And yet I thought that I had something here!' Ah, it is terrible! But you will find it always; like Jesus, the greatest and the best live among robbers to die among robbers."

"The beautiful in art is the calm, the deep. Go to the British Museum and see the statues of Phidias; they are a school for every art, for art is one; there is no separate rule. They are calm and restful. Nothing contorted, nothing *convulsionnaire* is artistic."

"Against the Perfectly Righteous there were found two false witnesses. One of the most magnificent words in the Gospel in which all the words are magnificent is, where it is written, after Jesus had been persecuted by all the wretched busybodies and slanderers, 'But he was going,'—going away from the barking of dogs, the sneers of the Pharisees, the turmoil and toil of life."

"Il n'y a pas de grand homme; ce qui est grand dans l'homme, ce n'est pas l'homme, c'est Dieu."

"Beethoven sold his Ninth Symphony for £20!"

"Quand je travaille c'est que je suis en paradis. Je me dis toujours que quand je mourrai je verrai ce que je cherche. I shall see what I search for! On ne parle pas de l'art dans le ciel mais il est dit qu'on chantera."

Once when advised to take rest he answered: "Qu'est ce que je puis faire si je ne travaille pas? Work is life."

"I have a conviction that my 'Redemption' will be my last work. What can I do after that? And in opera, what can I do now? There are Mireille, Marguerite and Juliette; these are my three women. But if we put on one side Mireille, and say, Marguerite, Juliette and Polyeucte—what more can

I do? Friendship? Yes, but is friendship a very musical subject?"

"I began to think of 'Faust' as a subject for an opera when I was twenty, and I wrote it at thirty-eight in two and a half years. So in this way it is certainly the chief work of my life."

"What is hard is that when we have become most worthy and most capable of doing good we must die. But perhaps it is that God is determined to show that He can do without our help, that He has no need of men to carry out His work and His will. Yes, it is hard, too, to see the young and gifted taken away from us; but they may have left their mark, they may have impressed something of good and noble on some other soul and so their mission is accomplished. I have in Paris a dear friend whom I have known ever since she and her husband were children, and they are to me as my own children, and every year for some time I passed some months with her in her *château* in the country. We used to take long walks in the summer in the park and talk about all things, art, music, religion, life, death, philosophy. And she once asked me, as you do, why I did not write a book on all this? But that I could not do; I could not write as I talk; music is my book. But if what I may say does good to those who hear it, so much the better. I told my friend that if she, having a good memory, could write down what I say, she could make what use of it she liked; but I cannot write it down."

"I am sometimes in the greatest state of hope and joy, and sometimes in despair in darkness. It has always been this struggle in me between light and darkness. *L'équilibre*—it is that we strive after and that we never quite attain; we are always rocking to one side or to the other."

In his dark moments Gounod always thought that he would never be able

to write any more. "My musical-box is shut," he used to say.

I repeated to him the remark of a friend: "Gounod's music is the music that lifts me to heaven, and it is the music that will be sung in heaven." "Well," he said, laughing, "I hope the music of heaven will be a good deal better than mine." Going on in the same strain he said that he hoped that he should be near his friends in heaven, "For what should I do with all the commonplace people there?"

Some reviews of his "Requiem" came in. I said that I hoped some day to hear it perfectly performed. He answered: "One day my 'Requiem' will be perfectly performed, on the day of my death. Then will be my supreme revenge on my critics; I shall say to them, 'You are dead, but I live.'"

"The critics," he added, "have always been against me; they have had a system, namely, to bury every new work of mine and then, after a while disinter it so as to kill the next one."

It was very interesting to hear him teaching his choir. Once he said to them: "Now in this part I want you to sing as if you were silent; it seems a paradox, but I want you to imitate silence by your singing. If I sing like that no one need be silent, but if I sing like this all the room must be in silence."

Though he always had a word of praise for them Gounod's patience was tried by the not unnatural ambition of amateurs to sing his music to him. I remember his face while a gentleman with a rather nice voice but a wooden style, performed "Salve dimora." He was delighted, however to meet with real talent. We introduced to him a boy of eleven named Claude Jacquinet whose clever playing on the violin we

<sup>1</sup> In the end Gounod modestly suggested that no music of his own should be performed at his funeral. The mass was sung to a Gregorian chant.



had heard at a musical party given by the late Mrs. Pitt Byrne. Received with a kiss of encouragement, the little fellow performed Gounod's "Ave Maria," accompanied by the composer. Claude was modest, but not in the least nervous; he played afterwards an elaborate *tour de force*, and then a little piece of his own. The Master pressed him to his heart; "This is a good boy!" he said; "now we will have the sister-piece to that, a little song I wrote when I was thirteen,"—which proved to be the charming "Fauvette." I mentioned that it was my recollection of the interview between Mendelssohn and "the wonderful boy Joachim" that had led to our arranging the present meeting. "In this you were his godmother," said Gounod. Then, turning to the boy, he continued: "I bless him; if my wishes are realized he will have a great future. But you must always remember that the more you learn the more you will have to learn." To the parents, who were now much excited, he said: "If your son is as good as his organization he will be a great source of glory and happiness to you. I give him my blessing. I wish that I could give him all that I have in me, all that is here," and he touched his forehead. Claude told him that he was writing an opera, of which the overture and many of the songs were ready; Gounod told him to bring them the next time he came. Then the boy said something which Gounod could not make out, so he asked me to explain. It was this: "I wish you could have all the money Mr. C. gets for your writings." This practical observation from lips like a cherub's brought us all down to earth.<sup>2</sup>

Some one present remarked how kind Gounod was to show such interest in the young violinist. To this he replied: "We should all help each other; what

we have, we have it only that we may give it. I had the honor and happiness of knowing Mendelssohn. It was in 1843, five years before his death. When I was in Berlin, his sister, Mme. Hensel, whom I had known at Rome, gave me a letter of introduction to her brother at Leipzig. I was with him for four days, from morning to evening. Ah, he was so good! What he was to me I cannot tell you. He *convokait* (How do you say that in English, convoked?) the Choral Society, which was *en vacances*, for me only! And he gave me the score of his symphony in A, the one dedicated to the Queen of England; you know it?" Here he hummed the opening motive. "Is it not lovely? Mendelssohn was an angel upon earth. But what he was is shown in his works; you may all know what he was."

On hearing that Dr. H. was acquainted with the Mendelssohn family at Berlin, Gounod asked after each of the surviving members, and especially the "stern-faced" Paul, who had been Dr. H.'s pupil in mathematics.

To wind up the afternoon, we had "Abraham's Request" and "The Song of Solomon," two of Gounod's most beautiful sacred songs beautifully sung. When there was no one to play the violoncello accompaniment to "The Song of Solomon" Gounod used to hum it, and the deep expression which he threw into the notes was never equalled to my hearing even by that touching instrument. I may here recall that I heard him say more than once that he thought English was the best language for religious music. He much admired the severer school of English Church music, as, for instance, the anthems of Dr. Wesley and of his father Samuel Wesley.

One winter at London I was ill with a cold at our hotel in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, the same in which Anthony Trollope died, and which he cele-

<sup>2</sup> I soon lost sight of the Jacquinetts, but I believe that Claude won honorable though not extraordinary distinction in France.

brated in one of his novels by describing it as "frequented by the better sort of deans and bishops." Gounod came often to see me. One day he appeared at half-past two, dressed in a long fur coat which made him look very picturesque. "You must excuse my *toilette*," he said, as he laid his fur cap on the table; "but I do not come to pay a *visite de cérémonie* to a young lady, but as one soul comes to another soul. How are you, my dear child? This morning I said, I must go early to see my Eve, as if I put it off I should not be able to go, as there is the choir to-night." He said I ought to do nothing: "This child ought not to work! She ought to be *l'enfant gâté*, fed upon love and also upon good outlets. The body must be looked after as well as the spirit. Love is worth just as much as the people are worth who give it. I need not tell you that I love you, my dear child. I loved you from the moment I saw you, and I think love is a thing that arrives at its maximum instantaneously; if one loves a person thirty or forty years, one does not get to love him more or less; it is just the same."

Another day he brought a little machine for spraying the throat; he had gone to some particular chemist to buy it as it was a French invention. We showed him a book of poems by Louis Dierz; he read one or two, but did not like them. "Bad style, bad style," he said. "If I do not strongly accentuate the words you cannot understand what is meant, but if I do, hear how unmusical the sound is! This poet follows Victor Hugo too much. I admire Victor Hugo very much, but not his imitators. The tendency of modern French poets is to exaggeration. Now what is difficult in art is not what we give forth, but what we hold back. It is to say to everything that is exaggerated, to every immature thought, to everything that is not true, *vous n'entrerez*

*pas ici*. People nowadays write poetry to be looked at, not to be read aloud. They think much about the idea, but nothing about the way in which it is expressed. I say to such as those, 'Why do you not write excellent prose?' The very life of poetry is to be perfect in form as well as in thought."

I asked who were his favorite poets? "Molière," he answered; "Molière and Lafontaine, these are my favorites. See how admirable are Molière's lines! If the French language should exist for a million years not a word could be added or taken away from the verse of Molière. No exaggeration, no poverty, no redundancy! It is like Mozart; it is perfect for all time. Do you remember the admirable scene in the '*Misanthrope*,' in which Oronte shows his bad verses to Alceste?" And he forthwith recited nearly all the scene.

Then again taking up the volume of Dierz's poems, he opened it at one which contained the words, "*Nos douleurs sont immortelles*." "*Mais ce n'est pas vrai*," he said; "*nos douleurs ne sont pas immortelles. Nos douleurs sont mortelles. Our sorrows, the sorrows which we innocently suffer, are surely for this earth only. As to les damnés—c'est autre chose. Mais enfin, il y a une parole de Notre Seigneur à laquelle je pense toujours. Il disait 'Mon Père, je n'ai pas perdu un de ceux que vous m'avez confiés excepté le fils de perdition' (qui est, je crois, Judas). Pas un! Ainsi, j'espère qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup de monde en enfer.*"

On the nineteenth of that February there was a Wagner Concert, a novelty then. Gounod happening to say the day before that he would like to go to it, we asked him to come with us, to which he readily assented. At the agent's we were told that all the good places were sold, but when it was hinted that M. Gounod would be of the party three excellent seats in the mid-

dle of the front row were produced. The concert began with the overture to "Tannhäuser,"—"a fine work, but *un peu trop violent*." After a song from "Rienzi" there was a selection from "Lohengrin," all of which Gounod liked, but most of all the prelude to the third act; several times he said in a low voice, "That is beautiful, that is beautiful." But a piece from the "Meistersinger" he did not like at all.

After the concert he returned with us to the hotel and took chocolate with us. "The public," he said, "moved much faster than the individual, and therefore the individual must place himself before his age if he desires not to be behind it. Wagner has some idea of this sort; it is a necessity which every true artist must realize. Great men may be said to be for every age save their own; small men are for their own and none other."

"The coloring of some of Wagner's *morceaux* is splendid," he continued; it is intensely mystical, but is it scenical?

Macmillan's Magazine.

Is it suited for the stage? There is more process than finality in his music, and he is too fond of exhausting the orchestra all at once. Violence, impetus, is not strength. Look at the Greek art! There is a saying of Tertullian, the Father of the Church, 'God can be patient because He is Eternal.' And you remember in the Scriptures when God spoke to Elijah, He was not in the storm nor in the whirlwind but in the still, sweet breeze. Now look at Mozart's "Don Juan." The statue advances to seize the guilty one [here he hummed the music and imitated the action] without hurry as without halting, tranquil and inevitable as eternal justice."

A few weeks later we left London for the country. I like to see people come but I hate to see them go," said Gounod, when we took leave of him. "J'ai porté le deuil depuis vingt heures pour votre départ."

It was a prophetic mourning, for we saw him no more.

Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco.

## THE PEARL.

They tell us that a tiny grain of sand  
Caught in the opening of a sea shell's maw,  
May grow to be a gem without a flaw,  
Such as men search for on the ocean's strand.  
Nathless the shell fish well doth understand  
The wide beneficence of Nature's law,  
The dread invader which with fear he saw,  
Becomes the priceless pearl of Samarcand.  
And countless miracles there are that teach  
Most wondrous lessons if we will but see,  
Ever at work with neither sound nor speech,—  
There is no ill but hath its remedy,—  
Its Gilead balm the alien pain to reach,  
And turn life's discords into harmony.

C. D. W.

## OLD AND NEW JAPAN.\*

## II.

We read that in the year 1153, when the failure of the princely dynasty of the Fujiwara had pitted against each other the families of the Taira and the Minamoto, a monster alighted on the roof of the imperial palace. He had the head of an ape, the body of a tiger and the tail of a serpent. We recognize the animal. It is the old original feudalism in a new shape, and for four centuries to come it will rend by its turbulence, its ferocity and its perfidy, the territory of Japan. One after another the shoguns, who are its offspring, will endeavor to master it, and to restore for their own benefit the centralization of the empire. But however manly themselves, they have but effeminate children. They are only vice-emperors, and the regents whom they appoint become shoguns to them. Nevertheless, upon two occasions, unity was all but realized. The Hojo, in the thirteenth century, repelled an invasion of the Mongols, unhappily the only one. In the fifteenth century the genius of Japan attained to perfection through patience, and wrought lovely miracles in silk and lacquer. Then the shogunate also succumbed, every province of the empire erected itself into a separate kingdom, the great monasteries became fortresses, and anarchy supervened.

Similar spectacles are afforded by the history of mediæval Europe. But when we reflect that for four hundred years Japan was forging souls on the anvil of civil war, yet never struck out one new idea, one of those flashes which light up the universal conscience, one of those truths or even one of those noble errors which lay bare the primitive bases of humanity, the heroic history

of the country will inevitably appear less rich than our own, less fruitful, resembling rather, in its sterility, that of barbarous peoples. The pretty fancies of Japanese art cannot atone for the horrors of that time. Among a people in whom a humanity which may fairly be called exquisite, is often found united with positive cruelty, delicate little women, with painted lips and pointed finger-tips received from the soldiers in besieged castles, gory severed heads which they carefully label, that every man may be able to recognize his own trophies when pay-time arrives. They even go so far as to blacken the teeth of the victims; for, since none but the princes of the imperial family and nobles attached to the court had a right to this adornment, the warrior willingly took the benefit of such a trick. "We were not afraid of the heads," wrote one of these women, "we were used to sleeping in the smell of blood."

It is true that the greatest nations also have emitted these abominable exhalations, but in their case a trace of metaphysical intoxication has usually mingled with the enthusiasm of carnage. Our crusades, our religious wars, our wars of races, our *Jacqueries*—what a list! Their battle-fields continually remind one of the man who climbed a pile of corpses to get a wider view. Here the heaps of dead are prodigiously high, but the victors who scale them see only the same contracted horizon. The conquests of Japan were bounded by a vicious circle; and her native intellect contributed nothing to the universal store.

Nevertheless, the love of fighting rendered the spirit of the country at once intrepid and adroit. The sons and daughters of the samurai were trained

\*Translated for The Living Age.

in hardship; the former learned to wield the sword, the latter the dagger. The thought of death played so large a part in their educational program, that they were even instructed in the ceremonial of suicide. At that age when the charms of life appeal most strongly to the heart and the senses, the youth of the country learned in what attitude and with what rites persons of good birth disembowel themselves. Some even gave proof of a terrific precocity. The little Jap, of whom the following anecdote is related, can hardly have been more than seven years old. Assassins had been ordered to dispatch his father, and, misled by a strong likeness, they had brought back to their master a head which no one could positively identify. The magnate sent for the child and showed the head to him; and the boy, perceiving the mistake, and that the assassins must be upheld in it, pulled out of his belt the poniard, which the sons of the samurai wore even at that tender age, and gave his unspoken lie the indisputable authority of despair by plunging it into his own entrails and falling dead before the ghastly countenance.

No people has ever gone farther in the stern cult of death. Buddhism, though reproving suicide as a childish subterfuge on the part of a man confronted by destiny, did, nevertheless, weaken the ties that bind him to the external world; and it was to the doctrines of Confucius most of all that the Japanese owed their sombre penchant for self-murder. It was not that they regarded death as a deliverer. The notion that they would get another and a happier existence in exchange for their last sigh, would have marred in their eyes the equity of the transaction. They derived from the Confucian philosophy only the rudiments of an imperious positivism. The hoary sage who disliked Buddhism deeply, and resolutely warded off its dreamy

speculations, made a virtue of their very philosophic impotence. They went beyond that renowned master of ethics, and, too proud to question one who will not speak, regarding it as almost indecent to peer into the blackness of the tomb, they asked of death only an unequivocal attestation that honor had been satisfied and duty done. For them, therefore, death put off its dread apparel of grief and anxiety. They stripped it of all disquieting associations, but it was no more a luxury to them than was love. They were not carried away by it as in a whirlpool. They made it a custom, an institution—the regular solution of the more difficult problems of life. Had a samurai embezzled his master's money? He killed himself. Had the master permitted himself an offensive word or gesture? He killed himself. They died by way of protest against orders which they could not obey, or injuries which they could not avenge. In the correct form of *hari-kari*, at the very instant when the kneeling samurai struck his own bowels, his dearest friend who stood beside him, cut off his head. The Japanese sabres worked like lightning, and were seen only when they were withdrawn. In certain of the ruder provinces, the men who bore arms practiced their virgin blades at nightfall on belated travellers. Self-murder was to them the crowning grace of civilization; and the murder of others no brutality. They looked at everything *sub specie mortis*. One night a young warrior rescued a young girl from a band of ravishers, and took her to the Royal Palace. The prince, in his turn, offered her to him; she was an adorable creature. But the young man replied, with melancholy grace, that one vowed to death must not contract these ephemeral ties. The girl heard him, and the cup which she was holding fell from her hands. Before these men who, with no quarrel against

life, are yet bent upon self-destruction, the illusions of earthly love and the illusions of piety itself, behave like the young girl. They drop the cup. Murder and suicide were the chief national sports.

They refined and refined upon the obligations of the soldier to his captain, the wife to her husband, the child to its parents. Even while it disorganized the country, feudalism, aided by the nature of the people, created there no end of distinct and animated organisms. Filial piety, personal loyalty, obedience, the sacrifice of the individual to the interests of the fief, were carried to so fanciful an extreme that the sublime itself was cheapened. Our own ancient history reveals no such transports of self-sacrifice and stoicism. But the very slight effort which superhuman virtue seems to have cost these heroes, rather impairs its beauty to my mind. I can understand one father's immolating his own child, to save the child of his prince, but that this example should become the basis of a school, this atrocious abnegation of self a common practice, that a strict devotion to worldly obligations should come to demand as much bloodshed as the altars of the gods themselves—here I detect the invincible tendency of the Japanese mind to push a simple idea to the point of absurdity and engraft monstrous fantasies upon natural instincts.

The Japanese have wit, but they are thoughtless. In the absence of material they undertake to provide it. They work furiously over elementary ideas; but the deductions which they draw therefrom are so grotesque that they impoverish rather than develop them. They hollow them out, work them over, carve, chisel, stipple them, until they become so strange as to be no longer recognizable. But the ideas are elementary still. Their morality is like their houses—absolutely primitive in structure, but overlaid by a thousand

petty devices, an infinitude of details—like their apartments, where a fanciful art admires itself upon a humble matting, or shines over columns which are tree-trunks with barely the bark removed. When you get inside them you find their souls as rude and primitive as those of Homer's heroes; and yet, between two instincts which breathe of the primeval forest you shall find an exquisite fancy, comical or dainty, or one of those gorgeous chimeras characteristic of a society which has grown so sick of nature that it finds no pleasure save in occasionally defying it.

The ruling passion in that society was ambition intensified by the close and solitary contemplation of death. The polish of a princely court could never have been maintained among men at once so vindictive and so vain, save under pressure of the most onerous formalism. Moral repression was transformed there into physical restraint. Warriors went muffled up in garments wherein their figure was almost lost. Hanging sleeves paralyzed all vivacity of gesture, and trousers were so wide and so long that he who walked in them seemed to be travelling on his knees, and could neither make an attack nor escape one. This amplitude of drapery disarmed individual men, raising between them impassable barriers of light, rustling silk. Then the Buddhist priests brought into fashion the ceremonial of tea-drinking. Tea was imbibed as though in celebration of a mystery, with rhythmic evolutions, hierophantic gestures and silent incantations and the deep deliberation which properly attends the working of a miracle. Nor was it women only who strictly observed the forms of this ritual. Men-at-arms also assisted patiently and with decorum. The room where some one officiated at a brazier, while the rest assumed grave and self-collected attitudes



around a simple tea-pot as though it had been a magic vase, became—God forgive me!—a kind of Japanese Hotel de Rambouillet.

Their habits of slaughter, moreover, never smothered their love of the madrigal. The extreme simplicity furnished an aid to poetic inspiration. They had learned at a comparatively early period how to turn an elegant epigram of one and thirty syllables, and they indulged at the critical moments of their lives in the Chinese coquetry of an impromptu. Some persons prepared improvisations to be uttered with the latest breath. The five verses in which they gave up the ghost were the obolus they paid on entering into glory. They liked to take a backward look over the fair aspect with which earth had flattered their eyes, and they preserved a tender and pious affection for a landscape which they had not hesitated to defile with bloodshed. Animal life was more sacred to them than that of man.

I have heard it said that in the old times, before the Chinese invasion of Japan, no one might be put to death while the trees were in bloom. Long since, the spring ceased to extend to human life the immunity of its happy smile. The truce of its perfumes was at an end, but their fragrance might still be enjoyed; and men continued to dwell with inexhaustible delight on the subtle marvels of the vernal time. They preserved under their clumsy armor a refined impressionability and a feeling for delicate shades quite unknown to their contemporaries in Europe.

The populace—the laborers, artisans, merchants—reduced to obedience and constrained to resignation by the supremacy of the warlike caste, had to find their sole amusement in fabulous tales, religious dances and the metamorphoses of gardens and forests. Even when the heavens rained blood,

and the destinies of the people were most cruelly mocked, their anguish blossomed into a legend. The very social inferiority of the depressed classes brought them nearer to that earth, whose rocks and plants were beloved of the Buddhist. Reassured about another life by their bonzes, who guaranteed them a vague Paradise upon certain specific terms, they turned their attention to the trivial beauties of the smallest things. The curiosity which nature had kindled in their souls—like a night-lamp in a rustic sanctuary—might not, indeed, dissipate the great darkness of the firmament, but it shed a soft lustre over every blade of grass and the corolla of every flower. A mysterious affinity was established between these humble folk and the flowers that fade so soon, the leaves that the wind carries away, the stones worn to smoothness by the water of running streams. The absolute need to weigh one's words and regulate one's gestures, in a society where the slightest impertinence or faintest display of temper might be punished with death, made this the most patient, obliging, amiable people ever fashioned by the hand of tyranny. And when we consider, on the one hand, that warlike nobility, fierce and yet stoical, and on the other, the great undistinguished mass, disciplined and, at the same time, refined by fear, we begin to understand what St. Francis Xavier meant when he said that the Japanese were the "delight of his soul."

The apostle was under no delusion concerning their faults. He notes them with a precision which all his enthusiasm could not dull. But though he felt keenly the difficulties of his mission, the love of glory which he found among the Japanese, their chivalrous honor, their easy renunciation of the pleasures of this world, their courtesy, their wit, "eager," as he says, "for all knowledge, human and divine"—all these

things appeared to him to favor the triumph of the Christian faith. His hope was that baptism would impart new health to virtues that were corrupting for the lack of a little divine salt; and that hope seemed to be well founded, for daimios, samurai, and indeed whole cities, were converted. The sower stretched forth his hand, and the harvest was there. In 1550, only eight years after the wreck of a Portuguese vessel upon the coast of Japan, Christianity—that is to say, Western civilization—was playing a prominent part there, and had all but carried the day over the civilization of China. How came it, after all, to pass over the land like a hurricane, leaving behind it only the memory of a vague but distasteful imposture?

The reason is to be sought neither in the hatred of the bonzes nor in the scandal created by those Spanish monks, who disputed, with anathemas, the conquest of the "Silver Isles" by Portuguese Jesuits, nor in the shamelessness of the European sailors, who gave the lie in so emphatic a manner to the alleged moral benefit of Christianity. The arrival of St. Francis Xavier exactly coincided with the advent on the scene of three great statesmen, destined to mould the Japanese clay in so masterly a manner that it bears their impress still.

The last fifty years of the fifteenth century were convulsed by the forces of feudalism. It was, perhaps, the most illustrious epoch in the history of Japan. All dykes were broken and the people overflowed. The individual shook off the chains which had riveted him to the community, and a spontaneous energy overcame all social convention. For the first time a living spirit animated the dry bones, and we begin to see some meaning in the massacres. A commanding volition hurries the movement of events and regulates their wild confusion. There is unity of

action in that trilogy, which lasted for half a century.

The first act was performed by Nobunaga, maker and unmaker of shoguns. He declared war upon the Buddhist nobility, sacked their monasteries and annihilated religious feudalism. Nobunaga was of noble birth, but his successor and the heir of his policy had been a groom, and his name was Hideyoshi.

With the physique of a gorilla, the morals of a barrack-room, and that overweening pride of the *parvenu*, which borders upon madness, he had also an incredible faculty for command and designs so vast that they make of this monster a kind of genius. It had taken the *plebs* of Japan centuries to conceive him, and nothing less than a widespread catastrophe could have brought him to the birth. This man, having received information of the ambushade which was to cost Nobunaga his life, left it to the gods to defend his benefactor, concentrated all power in the hands of a single prime minister, struck at the feudal nobility with blow upon blow, and finally gave a new turn to warlike instincts which he had but half subdued by himself assuming command of the feudal forces and launching them against Corea. It was an expedition equally famous and sterile; but Hideyoshi cared less for foreign conquest than for exhausting in foreign warfare the hot spirit of civil conflict. He died, leaving one son, a minor; and also a pupil who was destined to surpass his master—Yeyasu.

To the coarse, lusty, brutal plebeian, who walked with his head flung always insolently backward, there succeeded a man of the old *noblesse*—cold, silent, tenacious, unscrupulous, but whose interests were identified with those of the country, and who loved in his own serfs the entire Japanese people. The South now rose in arms against the

North, and claimed the empire for the son of Hideyoshi, whose triumph would certainly have involved the ruin of his father's work. The day of Sekigahara, in 1600, when forty thousand Japanese perished, was really the salvation of Japan. Heavy blows were dealt upon either side, but the future belonged to the genius of Yeyasu. On the night after the combat that first of the line of the Tokugawa shoguns, who had fought all day bareheaded, resumed his helmet. "A good general," he remarked, "never covers his head until the battle is over and won." It was more than an epigram accompanied by a fine gesture. The morrow of that great victory found the victor upright, pacific in temper, but with his helmet on.

Those about him had had enough of bloodshed. One only danger still remained; it was the Catholic party among the southern clans. Encouraged by Nobunaga, who saw in Christianity only a sect hostile to the Buddhists, and roughly used by his successor, Hideyoshi, the missionaries were to encounter in Yeyasu and his grandson, Yemitsu, enemies as intelligent as they were implacable. Their hostility was not aggravated by fanaticism. They simply tried the Christian doctrine and condemned it, both as pagans and as statesmen. Christianity would stir up dissension and rekindle the flames of civil war. It menaced the national life no less than the moral security of Japan. In the wake of Dominican and Franciscan monks from Manila, came Spanish adventurers, who scented a new prey. The Tokugawa refused to surrender the keys of their hearts to these disquieting apostles. As a matter of fact, what they felt vaguely, and dreaded all the more was that breath of freedom which the Christian religion exhales—the noble individualism, if I may venture so to call it, which is aroused by the sense of his own dignity, which it imparts to every man.

The ideas fostered by Christianity tended toward nothing less than a new revolution, of which the country, in its exhausted condition, dared not run the risk. The new faith had been preached, either a hundred years too late or a hundred years too soon.

In 1638 the last of the Japanese Christians revolted, and were massacred, not far from Nagasaki, in the castle of Shimabara, where they had been besieged, and which they had defended in the most heroic manner. It has been strenuously asserted that no European was mixed up in this rebellion, and that it was provoked less by religious persecution than by those feudal iniquities which weighed so heavily upon the peasant class. But the very fact of a revolt against iniquity bore witness to the emancipating influence of Christianity. Those poor folk who sang hymns to the glory of God from the top of their ramparts and called on the angels to testify that they were in their right, troubled the souls of the besieging army sent out by the shogun. This was like no war which they had ever waged before. It was the very first time that an appeal to the justice of heaven had been heard, above the din of arms, and it was a noble page of Japanese history.

But I can perfectly understand the relief it was to the new masters of Japan to learn that order reigned in their Warsaw.

The Portuguese expelled and all relations with timid England broken off, only the Dutch Protestants were now permitted to trade with the empire, and even they were confined as though they had been plague-stricken, to the port of Nagasaki, and to the island of Deshima which lies just off the coast and is shaped somewhat like a fan without a handle. There they continued for more than two centuries to offer the humiliating spectacle of a white race in subjection, degraded less by the contempt

on which the Japanese piqued themselves, than by their own deplorable passion for gain. Japan, meanwhile, wrapped herself in a garment of thick darkness. Her sons, who in times of peace had roamed the seas in the character of adventurous explorers, were no longer allowed to quit her shores; and the only trace left there by the brief visitation of the occident was the use of tobacco, which became universal, and a few firearms, that soon turned rusty.

And now let the reader cast his eye over a map of Japan. Let him consider that slender archipelago lying along the Asiatic continent in an elegant curve, like that of a waving vine-branch hung with unequal clusters of fruit. Of all the islands that darken all the seas of earth, I know none so gracefully designed; of which the contours are so supple and charming. But this wavy empire calls up I know not what image of a headless and invertebrate creature, sleeping on the crest of the waves. The life that circulates through its rings and folds seems not to be animated by a single soul. But if this aspect of the country seems partially to explain its lawless agitations, it also fills us with admiration for those Tokugawa shoguns, who were able to inform that serpentine body with one mind and one will.

Take first the island of Kishiu at the southern extremity, the last and biggest of the grape clusters. It lies with its group of lesser islands as though severed from the rest of the empire, leaning toward Formosa and the Philippines. It received the first Europeans, and, before them perhaps, the Malaysian invaders. But the old invasions are forgotten; Christianity flourished there for but one hour, and the men who people the slopes of the uttermost cape, add to their insular vanity a sort of taciturn grimness—as of sentinels stationed on the outposts

of a land. Where they are the world ends for them. Their pride has no bounds, and their humanity no horizon. Vanquished, they accepted a defeat of which their remoteness from the rest of their compatriots prevented their feeling all the brutal humiliation. Yet they will continue for ages to taste the bitterness of that defeat. Their semi-tropical climate has not rendered them torpid. Neither the charms of woman nor the spell of the bonze have any great hold on them. What they love best are warlike dances and sword exercise. Such are the people of Satsuma. I have spent some time in their capital city, Kagoshima, and I still receive from it the impression of a rude and circumscribed existence, in a bay encircled by mountains, a bay of heaving waters irradiated by dazzling sunshine. In April the hills array themselves in azaleas and anemones, but the craters are always active.

Move on toward the north and you will find mountains, forests, volcanoes—a nature sweet and wild, but ever menaced by disaster. What vultures' nests! What lairs for rebels! On the left the peninsula of Hizen; in front the strait of Shimonosaki, under the governorship of Prince Choshu, who is himself one of the vanquished. His two provinces command the Inner Sea. His subjects are quite as haughty and difficult as the men of Satsuma, but the rivers of Central Japan flow past their territory. They have taste, keen intelligence and a cultivated form of speech. The Japanese who have been in Europe say that Satsuma is Sparta, while Choshu is Athens.

The farther you go from this province the more docile you find the disposition of the people and their characters are less strongly marked. The very waves of the mediterranean sea of Japan wear a kind of human aspect from having reflected so many heroic faces and divine phantoms. The island of Shi-

koku, however, which forms the boundary upon one side of that azure expanse, nourishes a curious population. Sheltered by their ramparts of schist, and facing the unknown Pacific, they manage to escape, to some extent, the observation of their masters. The men of Tosa live amid the same kind of scenery as those of Satsuma; and their view of a wide expanse of ocean begets in them a similar feeling of solitary importance. On the great island in their rear—which is a continent for the doubly insulated folk of Japan—are the ancient provinces that constitute the heart of the country and the grass-grown battle-fields; and there the simple web of life is beginning once more to be shot with threads of gold. There are Koto, city of emperors and bonzes, and Nara, once the seat of the imperial court, a home of art and learning, to which the Italian harmony of its sweet and sonorous name seems altogether appropriate.

But Yeyasu went farther still, until he had put between himself and the emperor mountains which can be crossed only by the pass of Hakoné, and then he built at the mouth of the Sumida Gawa his new capital of Yedo. Behind it Japan goes tapering away to the sea of Yeso—first a level stretch, then foot-hills where the soil is exceeding rich, then snow-capped mountains, long winters and infinite security. The victor, setting his back against that realm which he has first garrisoned with his own creatures, allows his eye to range over the rest of the empire. He puts forth a stealthy paw and clutches first the cities which had been exempted from the general distribution, and which he transforms into the shogunal strongholds: Nagasaki in the province of Kiusiu, the only port where a European is suffered to land; Osaka, the principal port for the commerce of the internal sea, the great granary of Japan, and its wealth-

lest city. The remote seats of the most warlike clans, like Satsuma and Choshiu, he does not venture to touch, but he endeavors to circumscribe them. The new daimios, who have been ennobled and enriched by his conquest, will receive the territory bordering on those formidable fiefs. Down the long chess-board of Japan Yeyasu will silently push his pawns against the pieces of his adversary, and he will have the extraordinary sagacity to checkmate without taking them.

This man of brilliant genius, one of the most notable of all those who have had the capacity for organizing a nation, was able, in the end, to reconcile the separatism of the feudal system with the centralization of absolute power. He wrested to the use and made the strong support of his beneficent despotism the narrow virtues which feudalism cultivates, and the solidarity and reverence for tradition which it imparts to provincial life. This great pacificator built up a structure of peace that was destined to endure for ages, on the foundation of a war of caste. He rescued from disgrace and exalted the throne of the emperor, whose palace had been for the fifty previous years no better than a farmyard, where the chickens on which the poor god subsisted were caught by ladies on the very threshold of the imperial hall. Yeyasu restored to the degraded sovereign his honors and his envelope of mystery. He enveloped him in a cloud of incense, and the reinstated divinity devolved upon his high-priest, the shogun, the trivial care of human affairs. The shogun, with the support of a council called the Bakufu, and having at his orders an inquisitorial police, divided up the country into three hundred and sixty daimiats. Each daimio was the absolute master of his own province or canton and shogun of his samurai—who are the daimios of the lower classes. Shut up with them in



a fortified precinct, the approaches to which were all occupied by the merchants and artisans who supplied their wants, he lived upon the produce of his own fief, and everything nourished in him the delusion of his own independence, though, in reality, his power was merely delegated. A strict watch was kept over him; and he was removed if occasion required, like a mere prefect. Presently he finds himself obliged to reside half the time, or the whole of every other year, at Yeddo, and he must leave his family there as hostages when he goes away. These removals and the obligation to keep up a sumptuous residence at the shogun's capital, tend to impoverish him. It is a favorite device in Japan to ruin a man by crushing him under a load of honors.

But if Yeyasu dismantles the feudal fortress, he strengthens the defences of the larger intrenchments. Far from desiring the absorption of small provinces in a greater, he sedulously keeps them closed against one another, and within their encircling walls, he arranges a complete hierarchy, a social scale of minute, but clearly marked, degrees. He had grasped the fact that the very docility of the Japanese temper demands a restricted horizon. The best defence for them against those forms of infatuation to which their natural solicitude inclined them would be an indissoluble attachment to local opinions and customs. He therefore subjected them to a kind of parochial tyranny, which was all the more strict because they exercised it over themselves. All individuality had to subside to one general level. Men dreaded to be singular, and did not even suffer their thoughts to stray outside the circle of secular conventions. Naturally indolent, their faculties became atrophied; naturally nice, they perfected things of no intrinsic value; naturally grave, they found pleasure in a species

of solemn fooling. Nevertheless, these narrow enclosures, where life is regulated by ancient customs and a religion of the past, are wonderfully preservative of ancestral institutions, of which they do not suffer the sap to escape.

The political scheme of Yeyasu—permeated as it is by the peculiar character of the soil—is the work neither of a revolutionist nor an ideologist. Its main achievement was to give definite employment to all the national instincts, good and bad, which had been smothered and submerged in the civil wars, with their alternations of cloud and fire. The individual man did not count. The family, constituted as in the republics of Greece and Rome, was the sole vital unit. The code under which it exists makes no distinction between legality and morality. Only high state officials are permitted even to peruse that code. People are judged by laws of which they know nothing, and are not expected to know anything. Why, indeed, should they; since the individual act is never considered from the moral point of view, nor the social act from that of utility? The magistrates, those mirrors of government, can but reflect its methods. Moreover, the written laws are by no means numerous, and the judges interpret them according to custom, conscience, or the necessities of the moment.

Since no two of the cases brought before their tribunal were ever precisely identical, it would not do, they thought,—it would involve unfortunate mistakes—to depend too much upon previous verdicts. They, therefore, make a new jurisprudence for every separate case, and the judgments which they pronounce are never referred to another court. The abstract idea of law has never found its way into these minds which pass so easily from extreme violence to extreme docility. But the idea of duty ennobles and glorifies them, alternately subjugating and exalting.



The child is blindly submissive to its parents; the wife to her husband; the husband, if he be of low birth, to the samurai; the samurai to the prince; the prince to the shogun. The only commandments which are promulgated and publicly affixed all over the empire have the brevity and the generality of the Decalogue. Everybody knows that the smallest theft is punishable with death. The land belongs to nobody, because it all belongs, theoretically, to that shadowy personage the emperor. The shogun is but an overseer who permits its use by the daimios, who let it to the samurai, who farm it out to the peasants. The whole nation subsists upon a grand system of equivocations.

Buddhism, once disarmed, was no more to be dreaded. The noble Tokugawa abandoned it to the common people, and Confucianism was still the Bible of the samurai. They are both slave-making systems; the one by virtue of that passive resignation in which all individuality is speedily dissolved, the other because it makes men careless of servitude—if servitude be not too strong a word to use of a nation which has preserved, under a long course of rigid constraint, the loftier virtues of its heroic time.

Enslaved the Japanese surely were, as much as any people can be. Their minds have borne for ages those two certain marks of oppression—a habit of suspicion and a smiling hypocrisy. Those whom I have known at all intimately have always made me think of those ancient seignorial residences which I visited at Kioto. You walk into them on a level; there are no locks on the doors, and the sliding frames move silently along their grooves. Veined woods and painted panels, and show-white tatamis give you a smiling welcome. What frank and simple hospitality! The whole palace is at your disposal. All at once, beneath your

steps, as they fall noiselessly on the soft matting, a musical sound becomes audible, something like a low, prolonged whistle. You have trodden on the spot where the floor sings. An alarm has been given; and in the next room faces are at once composed, and the hands which had been brandishing only fans, begin to toy with poniards.

But all these devices of an irresistible inquisition were partially neutralized by a sleepless devotion to the interests of the community and a profound sense of honor. The Tokugawa disciplined others in that stoicism to which the tragic adventures of the past had injured their own souls. The individual oppressed in intellect, and repressed in all his native impulses, had no road open to renown save that of renunciation and sacrifice. He summoned all his pride to help him carry a burden which he could not shake off. Always prepared for suicide, he despised a life which offered no scope for thought, or loved it only as encouraging the sterile inventions of an exasperated fancy. The souls of men became crystallized.

If peace be indeed the supreme boon to any people, Yeyasu may be looked upon as a great benefactor. And if the morality of the people consists merely in the harmonious subordination of its virtues to its political ends, and the universal subjugation of the individual to the state, the pious and tractable yet valiant Japanese stood on a higher plane than the Occidental nations.

But however stationary a country may be, the fatal processes of life go on incessantly within it. A government may be, to all appearance, indestructible, yet opposition and death will forge their silent way. Behind that fair front of tranquillity and assurance the Tokugawa had to endure the reaction of the same phenomena, the same anomalies which had preceded and precipitated the fall of the ancient

powers. The foresight of Yeyas and the wisdom of Bakufu could but delay their progress.

The shogun became less and less of a personage, and gradually disappeared behind his ministers. His effeminate court, where great lords danced attendance and concubines aimed at supremacy, absorbed the entire wealth of the empire, and all it taught the young nobility was to despise the sword and paint their faces with skill. Yeddo became a city of courtesans and *ronins*, of ostentatious prodigality and expensive vice. The daimio fell under the influence of his principal samurai. Intrigues were hatched in dark corners, and coteries disputed the possession of his person and his inheritance. From end to end of Japan the inferior watches, controls, besets and finally directs his superior. It becomes the unvarying law of Japanese life. But reverence for form, care for appearances, dread of the Bakufu, and the utter impossibility of conceiving a different order of things, bridle and disguise for a time the anarchy which is latent there.

The emperor, pensioned by the shogun, lives in perpetual retirement in the Residence at Kioto. The government, forgetting the principles of Yeyasu, either neglects him altogether or treats him with derisive parsimony. Near the beginning of the present century, his divinity was bankrupt and his palace in such a state of dis-repair that the rain came through the roof upon the imperial head. Of the princes who constitute his immediate suite—the *kuges*—some are actually obliged to work for their living. I have been told by the Japanese themselves of men of that race who used to go in disguise by night and cook in the most popular restaurants of the city. So long as the shogun went every year, and did public homage to the mikado, the people failed to remark the decline of the im-

perial power. But from the day when Yeddo, in the insolence of its riches, abandoned that tradition of courtesy, the eyes of the nation, blinded no longer by the fumes of civil war, were gradually opened to the startling contrast between the splendor of the shogunal court and the destitution of the Heir of the Sun. Peace brought with it to Japan a revelation of the fatal fact that their political tradition had been belled for centuries.

It was in the noble house of the Tokugawa themselves, in that of the Prince of Mito, that this subversive idea first dawned. He was one of those who had given a warm welcome to the Chinese philosophers exiled from their own country, and under their guidance had collected the materials for a history of Japan. Studies of this nature could not fail to bring out the fact that the imperial power had been usurped by the emperor's vassals. It is quite probable that the Chinese, who are keener than the sons of Japan, had helped by their explanations of the true doctrine of Confucius once more to concentrate upon the Father of his People that sentiment of loyalty, which had been wrested by time-honored fallacies to the benefit of the shoguns. At all events, the principles of Mito slowly worked their way across Japan until they reached the provinces of Choshu and Satsuma, where they were welcomed with enthusiasm as reinforcing the undying rancor of those provinces.

On the other hand, Shintoism, which had been disdained by the Tokugawa, and cast into the shade by the Buddhist ceremonial,—Shintoism which asserts the divine origin of Japan and of its emperor's person, began to have for the first time its theorists and expositors. They made a vallant stand against Chinese civilization, so-called, and those philosophers in pig-tails "who promulgated such fine maxims and as-

sassinated their masters." They lauded the primitive simplicity of the mikados, revealed its decline under cover of imposing ceremonies, and showed how, under the influence of outlandish notions, power had passed from their hands into those of their servants. So far as I can judge, these philosophers were but poor logicians;—their metaphysics at once childish and pretentious. But they went back to the sources of the nation's life, and revived in the minds of their hearers and their readers a story of which the memory had long been effaced by the almost exclusive study of the Chinese annals. The hidden sense of their dicta, the political doctrine which these involved, gave to the oldest of old saws a youth and vivacity which recommended them to the minds of men. In fine, the reformers endeavored to illuminate that drowsy chaos with a slender beam of true wisdom. They were honest souls and the common people heard them gladly.

In the year 1840 a poor samurai named Tokayama travelled half the length of Japan to see the palace of the emperor. He went by way of Yeddo—

where the splendor of the shogun's ramparts filled his soul with wrath—and when he reached Kioto and saw the ruinous residence of his decrepit god, and realized his utter abandonment, he fell upon his knees and bowed his forehead in the dust, and subsequently returned home with a heart so torn by compassion that he died of it. The example of this melancholy mortal proved exceedingly affecting. The exactions of the daimios, the frequent occurrence of famines and fires, the cataclysms of nature, the general relaxation of discipline, which filled the country with robbers and other adventurers, the universal presentiment of some vague and mysterious agony—all these things predisposed the popular mind to incarnate its desires in that unknown and captive emperor, whose disgrace appeared more pitiful than its own misery. A new sentiment compounded of tenderness and reverence—that exquisite devotion which the oppressed can feel for a fainting deity—was awakened here and there in the heart of the masses. Pity that circumstances had not given this sentiment time to mature!

*Revue des Deux Mondes.*

*(To be concluded.)*

*André Bellesort.*

---

#### FOR THE BOOKPLATE OF A MARRIED COUPLE.

A book our eyes have glanced on  
Together,  
A wind that ev'ry feather  
And windlestraw hath danced on,

A path our feet have trodden  
Together,  
In still or windy weather,  
On springy turf or sodden.

From "Poems of Pictures."

*Ford M. Hueffer.*

## TOWN CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.

The Board of Education has recently issued a Circular which enables managers and teachers in the Rural Elementary schools to take their scholars for school walks in the country, and there to teach them something of natural history, surrounded by the sights and sounds which should excite observation and awaken intellectual curiosity. But this is not all. The Department has also arranged, in the Code of this session, changes in view of which it may be of some value to tell of a small experiment made last summer to stimulate an interest in Nature in the minds of a few of the 32,000 children who were sent by the Children's Country Holiday Fund into the country for a fortnight's holiday. The methods adopted were simple. A letter was written, printed and sent to every London teacher whose scholars were going into the country, to many school managers, and to the clergy and others who were likely to come in contact with the children. In this letter we told our aim, asked for the aid of the teacher's sympathy and were careful to explain that

Our hope is not so much that the children should learn certain facts about Nature so that they can pass an examination, but that they should learn to observe; for we believe that in so doing they may find pleasure and profit, and that by degrees observation will develop both reverence and care.

We also wrote a letter to be given to those children who might wish to join in the plan after hearing about it from the teachers, and to this letter we added an imaginary examination paper, which served to show the kind of questions which we were planning to ask, questions which did not require study

or imply knowledge, but mainly demanded observation and intelligence. But sending papers and printed letters did not exhaust our efforts to make our little plan known. Mrs. Franklin of the "Parents' National Educational Union," to whose inspiration the plan owes its birth, and two other ladies were so good as to visit certain schools and (having secured the sympathy of the teachers) to explain to the children in simple talks some of the beauties they were to seek, or something of the pleasures such seeking would bring to them.

On the 27th of July some 16,000 happy children trooped into the country; two weeks afterwards another 16,000 took their places. All were back by the 26th of August, and by the 10th of September our questions were in their hands—ten easy questions for Standards III and IV, and ten questions on the same lines, but demanding closer observation, for Standards V and VI.

Children from 470 London schools were sent into the country. Fifty-two schools applied for our questions, taking 1,161 copies; but only twenty-seven schools sent in replies, as only 330 children had tried to answer in writing. But still, inadequate as was the response to the amount of effort which had been put forth, neither Mr. R. E. S. Hart, the Assistant-Secretary of the Children's Holiday Fund (who had done most of the work), nor I felt discouraged. We had made a beginning, and now that the same aim is adopted by the Government for the country children, and that greater publicity will show up the object and simplicity of the plan, it is hoped that an increasing number of children will this summer begin to observe, and will find a

truer joy in seeing and a wider range of subjects to see.

To the children in all the standards we gave questions about trees and flowers, asking the younger ones,

"What is your favorite tree—an oak or an elm, a beech or birch, a lime or a sycamore?" and "Say why you like best the one you choose."

To this from several children we got the stereotyped but out-of-date reply that they liked the oak best, because "the ships are made from it what defends England." The prettiest flowers a child in the third standard saw were "nosegays" and "tegtoes and garpees" in a garden; but a boy in the fourth standard had observed "Vemane, piney, purtunee, genastee and a sturslon" growing. This botanical collection was however, improved on by a girl in the sixth standard, whose favorite flowers were "Policeman's hats" and "Break your mother's heart," two specimens which, alas! savor more of town and alley memories than country pleasures. Another child in the same standard had enjoyed "Minarets, Holy-oaks and Chame olsters"—where, it is not said, but perhaps in Canon Lester's garden, which was declared by a juvenile critic to be the prettiest "cottage garden" he "had ever seen."

The questions about animals excited much genuine interest, but showed that the faculty of observation had still to be cultivated. Of the children in Standards III and IV we asked:

(7) When sheep get up from lying down, do they rise with their front or their hind legs first?

(8) Do you think that the big pigs grunt as an expression of pain, or pleasure or both? Do the little pigs show any sign of affection to each other?

(9) Give the names by which we call the following animals when they are

babies: horse, goat, cow, fox, dog, cat, sheep, frog, rabbit, deer.

Thirty-two children out of 127 who sent in papers were right as to the way sheep rise. Twenty only realized the difference between a pig's grunts and squeals, one girl generalizing her observation in the sentence that "The grunt is the nature of the pig," and another outstepping her by the statement that "the pig grunts when he is mad." The large majority of our young nature-observers were convinced that little pigs were devoted to each other, eighteen only being doubtful on the point. But the ignorance shown of the names of the creatures was often surprising. I will give only a few instances:

A baby horse is a pony.

A baby fox is an ox—a thorn.

A baby deer is a reindeer—a oxen.

A baby frog is a tertpol—a fresher—a toad.

A baby sheep is a bar lamb.

A baby rabbit is a mammal.

Of the children in the fifth and sixth standards we asked:

(6) Did you see any rabbits? Do they run? If not, will you describe their movements? Have you ever noticed a rabbit 'wobbling its nose'? Why do you think he does it? What do rabbits drink? What animals are the enemies of rabbits?

(7) Do sparrows and rooks walk alike? Tell me something about the movements of various birds which you have noticed. What gestures have chickens when they drink? Does any other bird drink in the same way? How many times do crows fold their wings after alighting?

It would take too long to detail the answers so as to be fair to the writers, but the idea of the rabbit "wobbling its nose" appealed to the children, and many and various were the causes assigned for it.

"To make holes in the ground," wrote one child.

"To account for the formation of its head," was the philosophy of another one.

"It does it when it does what a cow does, digests it food," is a profound but an unsatisfactory explanation.

"Its washing its face," shows more credulity than observation; while another discarded reasons, and declared in a large round text-hand, regardless of grammar: "I have seen a number of rabbits wobbling *its* nose!"

Seven only answered the question rightly; but one child, although no inquiry was put concerning dogs, volunteered the information that "French puddles are kept for fancy, Irish terriers as ratters, but the boerhounds are kept for hunting the *Boers*," our sad trouble in South Africa being then on the horizon, and in the minds and mouths of many people.

Some of the people to whom I submitted our questions for helpful criticism objected to the last paragraph of this question:

(9) When did you see the moon during your holiday? Was it a new moon, a full moon or a waning moon? What makes the moon give light?

The children, they argued are taught this in the schools. It does not encourage observation or nature-study, and you will merely get a repetition of textbook sentences; but I felt it might help the children to connect their country pleasures with what they were taught in school, and so the six words were left in. "What makes the moon give light?"

Here are some of the replies:

"Electricity causes the moon to shine."

"The moon revolving round the sun, which gives light by unknown planets."

"It is the darkness which shows it up."

"The moon is the shadow of the earth on the clouds."

"The eclipse of the sun."

"The clouds."

Is it possible? and this from fifth and sixth standard children!

The pity of such answers is not the ignorance but the knowledge they show. The children have in one way been taught too much; their minds have been filled with scraps, while their understandings have not been strengthened.

The last question for all standards was set to test the individual tastes of the children.

(10) Will you write and tell us about the thing which you liked best during your holiday? It may be a walk, or a drive, or a sunset, or an animal, or a party, or a game, or a person. Whatever you liked very much we should like to hear about. What books have you read during your country visit?

And certainly it did not fail. Among things enjoyed most were:

"The country boys taught me to swim."

"The head lady, who was Mrs. Mac-Rosee, what paid for me at the sports."

"The drive a gentleman gave us in his carriage."

"The food I had."

"A game called 'Sister come to Quakers meeting.'"

"A laddle where I stayed. She was a kind and gentle laddle."

"The party which Mrs. Cartwright gave us."

"Paddling at a place called flood gates."

"Watching a woman milking a cow. She held a can between her knees and pulled the milk out of the cow. I should like," adds this observer, "to be a farmer."

"I also liked the way in which I was treated, and also liked the respectability of Mrs. Byfield my charge," writes



one young prig; but many, both boys and girls wrote the same sentiment in simpler language—a delightful tribute to our working-class homes.

Other children, again, evidently enjoyed rare experiences. "I enjoyed most a Drive to market in a cart with four pigs in it. . . . There I saw men pulling the pigs about by their tails." Inappropriate handles, one would think. Another child showed more sympathetic feeling for the beasts, for her greatest pleasure had been "a drive in a brake when I sat in front and was glad I was not a horse."

Two expressed real appreciation of beauty and a perception of the spirit of the country. "The thing I liked best," wrote a fourth standard child, "was a lot of cornfields with their stalks waving in the wind;" and the other said, "We were half a mile from home it was so quiet and lonely except for the birds music, and that walk I enjoyed most."

But very few children replied as to whether they had read any books. One, however, gave a list which should awaken us all to serious thought:

"The books I read in my two weeks," writes a boy of twelve, "was 'Chips,' 'Comic Cuts,' 'The World's Comic,' 'Funny Cuts,' 'The Funny Wonder,' 'Comic Home Journal.'" Those of us who know the vulgarity and irreverence which make up half the fun of such serials must regret the absence of the guiding word in the choice of literature which was given to another lad, who thus had read "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Treasure Island."

One child could not have been exactly a desirable guest, not, that is to say, if she frequently indulged in what she liked best, which was "to lay in bed and sing songs all the night!" And there is a record of a fourth standard child which, on the other side, is as valuable as Lord Salisbury's recent statement that the public-house had no

attractions and no temptations for children under sixteen, for she has written that "what I liked best all the time was that I met a brewer"—a kind man seemingly, who gave her a ride.

But if I tell more of this sort of answers I shall give a wrong impression of the value of the work done by the children or convey an untrue idea of the success of the plan. On the whole the papers were encouraging. They were exceedingly varied—some deserving the adjective "excellent," some unquestionably bad, their value depending on the trouble taken by the teachers, or the interest shown by the school managers, to some extent on the locality and on the care of the ladies who, by the organization of the Country Holiday Fund, overlook the children during their visits in the villagers' cottages, acting as outside hostesses. It is always difficult to generalize with accuracy, but almost without exception more originality was shown among children in the younger standards and from Voluntary schools. In the upper standards and from the Board schools there was less variety, the replies being more stereotyped, the children from the same school often bearing the impress of the training received rather than the development of their own individuality in tastes and interests.

Of the drawings asked from children of Standards V and VI several were admirable, giving evidence of both delicate discernment and certainty of stroke. But when animals were attempted they showed more likeness to the cheap toys "made in Germany," which are the heritage of the poor, than to the creatures of the freer movements on the common or in the farmyard. Some six or eight of the collections of grasses were good, evincing care and choice; but others again merely exhibited the desire to get a lot, quite regardless of their varieties or their interest. One child had observed

closely and described graphically the flower of the lime; another likened the birch tree to a "graceful lady;" two distinguished between the way white, red and black currants grew on their respective stems. Several children wrote comprehensive lists of the flowers which flourished in cornfields; and five had noticed how out of wheat, barley and rye, the latter grew the tallest, "for good rye grows high." A boy from a very poor neighborhood in East London wrote a really telling description of a team of horses reaping, and many a little one expressed its pleasure or interest in childlike but fitting language. Some ten or twelve described carefully watched sunsets in quaint words and with poetical feeling. Fifteen children had noticed how many times a crow folded its wings after alighting on the ground; and a considerable number (especially boys) had watched intelligently the walks and other movements of various birds, and could accurately report on the gestures of chickens when drinking. One child wrote an excellent original story about a grateful cat, and several others offered shreds of narratives which gave promise in the future of a more intelligent consideration of the habits and ways of the creatures.

When the papers were all in, they were adjudged and marked—150 was the maximum number of marks. One child in Standard VII got 114 and another 107. Ten children obtained over 75, and one hundred got over 50. We then assembled all three hundred and thirty together at Toynbee Hall to a monster tea-party. The thirty prize-winners received books about nature and framed pictures of flowers. To each of the hundred whose achievements allowed them to be marked at 50 was given a hyacinth bulb in a glass, and to each of the two hundred who had tried but not succeeded was presented a consolation gift of an illus-

trated magazine. Thus all were gladdened, and the experiment was concluded amid smiles.

The result is, I believe, such as to encourage its extension for town children when they are in the country, and on the same lines as are suggested for rural children in the circular of the Board of Education already referred to, which says:

One of the main objects of the teacher should be to develop in every boy and girl that habit of inquiry and research so natural to children; they should be encouraged to ask their own questions about the simple phenomena of Nature which they see around them, and themselves to search for flowers, plants, insects, and other objects to illustrate the lessons which they have learnt with their teacher.

The teacher should as occasion offers take the children out of doors for school walks at the various seasons of the year, and give simple lessons on the spot about animals in the field and farmyards, about ploughing and sowing, about fruit trees and forest trees, about birds, insects and flowers, and other objects of interest. The lessons thus learnt out of doors can be afterwards carried forward in the school-room by Reading, Composition, Pictures, and Drawing.

In this way, and in various other ways that teachers will discover for themselves, children who are brought up in village schools will learn to understand what they see about them, and to take an intelligent interest in the various processes of Nature. This sort of teaching will, it is hoped, directly tend to foster in the children a genuine love for the country and for country pursuits.

It is not only to provide the child with greater pleasure in the country and its life that the Board of Education have adopted this plan, for the circular goes on to say that

It is confidently expected that the child's intelligence will be so quickened by the kind of training that is here

suggested that he will be able to master, with far greater ease than before, the ordinary subjects of the school curriculum.

Neither is the ultimate utilitarian view left out of sight, for

The Board consider it highly desirable that the natural activities of children should be turned to useful account—that their eyes, for example, should be trained to recognize plants and insects that are useful or injurious (as the case may be) to the agriculturist, that their hands should be trained to some of the practical dexterities of rural life and not merely to the use of pen and pencil, and that they should be taught, when circumstances permit, how to handle the simpler tools that are used in the garden or on the farm, before their school life is over.

It is such teaching, if intelligently given, that will do much to solve the problem of the dearth of agricultural labor, and be an influence in stopping the inrush of the rural population to towns.

But my subject is the joy of town children when on their country holidays, and it is good to know that the habit of taking country holidays—real holidays and not day treats—is greatly increasing. Thousands of children are sent by Holidays Committees from all the great cities to stay for a fortnight or three weeks with cottage hosts. More go by their own arrangements, often to the same persons whose friendship they had made in previous visits.

It is not enough, however, to provide change; the power to use change must at the same time be educated. Children need to be taught to enjoy as much as they need to be taught to work. Crit-

*The Nineteenth Century.*

ics who complain of our plan, and say when they themselves take holiday they "do nothing," forget with what an equipment they start—how much their eyes see and their ears hear when they are doing their "nothing!"

The children of the poor, familiar only with the sights and sounds of the streets, and with the home talk about the cares of daily life, trained in school on paying subjects, find "doing nothing" very tiring, and mischief often follows weariness. They cannot with advantage lie under a hedge and dream; they are unacquainted with country games or the knowledge which provides recreation. If, however, teachers, managers and country ladies will take trouble to interest the children in what may be seen in a country lane, or to follow the fortunes of the inhabitants of a pear-tree, or to admire the beauty of the sky, or to observe the habits of a creature without commercial value, the children would not only have more lively minds, but they would more really enjoy themselves and their holidays.

Nature is the kind teacher of children, the teacher most likely to draw out from them their undiscovered powers, to stimulate their fancy and satisfy their restless longings. But Nature must be introduced by those who already are her friends and who can exhibit her cunning beauty to the unob-servant.

The experiment in which I have had the pleasure of taking part has shown in a small and imperfect way how such an introduction can be effected, and how the suggestion that there is joy in looking can be applied.

*Henrietta O. Barnett.*

## ANOTHER MAN'S BAG.

THE NARRATIVE OF EX-PROFESSOR CROSSLEY.

## CHAPTER II.

It is not my intention to describe here the evening's gathering, for such an account would have no direct bearing upon the history which I have set myself to relate. Let it be enough to say that the function was successful in every particular, and that my fortunate discoveries created even greater interest than I had anticipated. At the close of the lecture the chairman and Dean Houghten referred in complimentary terms to my services to Carlyle literature, and Canon Worcester spoke in a similar strain. It is true that another person expressed a doubt as to the propriety of making public the letters I had found; but I did not feel that his remarks were worthy of the occasion. It has always been my opinion that scruples of this kind have no claim to consideration when the work of a public man is concerned.

It was ten o'clock when the meeting was over, and I lingered for another half hour in conversation with the officials. Thus it was rather late before I entered Queen Street on my way back to the hotel.

Queen Street was still fairly busy, though some of the shops were being closed. One of these was a large jewelry establishment; and as I passed the window I looked in. I had suddenly remembered Mr. Ashdon's bag and the brilliant wares it contained. A minute's search told me that this window could show nothing to equal them; and with a smile I passed on. The next building was the office of the Leechester Echo, and here I paused again. The Echo proprietors published a late edition and the office was still open.

Pasted on the wall was a large contents-bill. I glanced at this in a careless way; but the first line was enough to arrest my attention. When I saw the other lines I experienced a sudden thrill of excitement, for the announcement was startling indeed:

Great Jewel Robbery!  
Daring Theft in London.  
£60,000 in Diamonds Stolen!

I read the words several times before I could realize what they meant to me; then I rushed into the office for a copy of the paper. As soon as I came out again I opened the sheet to find the column I wanted.

It was a late telegram, hastily written up into a considerable paragraph, and placed under the striking and sensational heading which had appeared on the contents-bill. It took me but a very short time to read it through:

"The Hotel Petersburg, Westminster, was last night the scene of a jewel-robbery of a peculiarly audacious character. The affair was almost as simple as it was daring; while the value of the plunder obtained is almost unique in the history of such robberies. From the information which has been given to the police, it appears that the jewels stolen are valued at sixty thousand pounds. They are the property of the Countess Lenstol, a Russian lady, who has taken a suite of rooms at the Hotel Petersburg for the season.

"It appears that the Countess wore the diamonds, which are a complete set of unique character and beauty, at the Home Secretary's ball last evening. When she returned at an early hour this morning they were simply locked in their cases and placed in a small

cabinet which stood in the Countess's bedchamber. No further thought seems to have been given to them until about noon to-day, when one of the maids observed that there were curious scratches about the lock of the cabinet. She at once gave an alarm, and it was discovered that the door was unlocked. Some time in the early morning a daring thief had entered the room, rifled the cabinet, and carried off the whole set of jewels. In his haste or confusion he had forgotten to lock the door after him.

"The police were at once called in by the landlord, the Countess having started an hour earlier to visit a friend residing at Leatherhead. Her absence, of course, made the situation a very difficult one; but every effort is now being made to trace the robber. The case is of peculiar interest, because among the jewels stolen was the historic gem known as the 'Lenstol Rose Diamond,' valued at thirty thousand pounds. This stone was presented to a Count Lenstol by the first Catharine, on account of eminent military services which he had rendered to the Russian Crown.

"It will appear remarkable that so valuable a set of jewels should have been left, even for one day, in a place so insecure. It is said, however, that arrangements had been made for their safe keeping with Messrs. Margate & Fry, of Lombard Street, though for some unknown reason they had not been sent there. On ordinary occasions they would have been handed over to Messrs. Margate directly after they had been used."

I folded the paper with trembling fingers. For a while I stood on the pavement, vainly trying to make order out of the chaos of my thoughts. Diamonds!—diamonds!—everything was diamonds. I was filled with excitement, though at that moment I scarcely knew why.

Directly afterwards I was hurrying

towards the hotel. Like an illuminating flash came the recollection of Mr. Ashdon's bag, and my confused impressions began to find order and sequence. I may say here that I have always been rather proud of my ability to take in all the points of a complicated situation quickly, and to arrange them logically.

Mr. Ashdon's bag contained a complete set of diamonds. The case which contained each separate article bore a coronet in gilt. This was probably the Lenstol coronet. Further I had met the man in the London train—that is to say the train which had left London that morning. He was a commercial man; or, at any rate, he had assumed that character. Under that disguise he had lodged at a London hotel—probably the "Petersburg." I had noticed that he was a man of a bold and fearless disposition, full of self-confidence and assurance. I had also noticed that he had changed the subject when I began to make more particular inquiries about him and his business. He had never mentioned his London hotel. Why?

Here was a chain complete in every link; but just then I had no time to carry it farther. I had turned the corner of Queen Street, and was now before the "Royal" running—positively running. The hall-porter observed my hurried entry with amazement; but I did not pause. On the first flight of stairs I met the willing and intelligent waiter who had assisted me to my dress-clothes. It occurred to me directly I had passed him that his attitude had expressed a desire to speak; but there was no time for that. I was at my own door in an instant, and found the key on the hook where I had placed it. Another instant or so and I was in the room.

I took the key inside and locked the door. There stood the mysterious bag, on the chair where I had placed it



myself. I fitted my key into the lock with shaking fingers, the straps were opened, the catches clicked back, and then . . . and then I was gazing in astonishment at the manuscript of my lecture! It was the first thing to come to sight, as it was the last thing I had packed away. Beneath it appeared other articles I knew; my plain brush-bag, my linen—and—my dress-clothes—my own! There were no diamonds. This was, in fact, my own bag. I turned it over and recognized it. Then I took off my spectacles, wiped them, replaced them, and stared once more at my manuscript. Was I dreaming now, or had I been dreaming before? Had I taken too much—well, too much Carlyle? Had the remarks of Dean Houghten turned my head, so that I had imagined those diamonds, that coronet? My thoughts were all in confusion once more.

Then I heard some one tapping at the door, and knew that I had been listening to the sound, quite unconsciously, ever since I had entered the room. I unlocked the door and found the waiter there. He was smiling, being evidently well pleased with himself.

"So you have seen your bag, sir?" he said.

"My bag?"

"Yes, sir. A gentleman came just after you had gone—about five minutes after. He was in a great to-do about the mistake—had lost hours, he said, by coming back. So, if you please, sir, I took the liberty of coming into the room and changing the bags. Hope it's all right now, sir? The two bags were exactly alike."

I stared at the fellow as I tried to comprehend what had happened. My face alarmed him.

"He was a rather stout gentleman, with a fair beard. He left his card. There it is on the table."

I looked at the table and saw the card. It was the card of Mr. Charles

Ashdon, and exactly the same as the one he had given me. It was borne in upon my understanding, now, that during my absence the man had entered the room and recovered his spoil!

I do not know what I said to the waiter, but I remember that he went out hurriedly. In a moment of excitement I am apt to lose my temper, and in this case I had good reason for anger. Through his insufferable meddling the thief had got clear once again, and I had lost a grand opportunity.

When he had gone I sat down for a few minutes to think out the situation afresh. This set back had roused my spirit of determination, and I did not intend to give in. I would run the thief to earth if it were in any way possible. He had come back for his bag, calculating, no doubt, that I would not have discovered what it contained. He had failed to calculate on my natural disposition to probe things to the bottom. In any case, the act of returning was an act of almost inconceivable assurance and daring; but I felt that it was quite in keeping with the character of the man. It had been justified by its success, and that was more.

What next? Naturally, his next move would be to make on as quickly as possible. He was going to Boltport, some two hours distant. In that great port, no doubt, he had confederates waiting, and there all trace of him would be lost. Boltport was an excellent place to hide in, and a very good place from which to escape over-sea.

What train had he been able to catch after recovering his bag. With eager fingers I turned the leaves of my timetable. To my dismay, I found that a train had left the Lechester station at eight-forty-five. It was now just eleven, and by this time he must have reached the end of his journey.

This was a blow indeed; and for a few moments I felt a keen disappointment. Then I gave an exclamation of



triumph. Glancing more closely at the badly-printed table, I had made a discovery of prime importance. The eight-forty-five was a local train, and did not run farther than Hinton Junction, half-way to Boltport. The next through train would not pass Leachester until midnight—to be exact twelve-seven. Mr. Charles Ashdon and the diamonds would have to wait for it at Hinton Junction!

This was enough. I thrust the timetable into my pocket and ran downstairs. A moment after I was hurrying down Queen Street, looking out eagerly for a cab. Before one came in sight I reached the office of the Echo, and that jewelry establishment near it which I had noticed half an hour earlier. The shop was now in darkness, and the proprietor was on the point of leaving for the night. In fact, he was engaged in locking the door in the iron shutters which completely protected his window and front entrance. When I saw this I stopped.

The Echo report had mentioned one diamond in particular as having been part of the stolen set—the Lenstoi Rose Diamond. I knew nothing of the different classes of jewels; but my idea of a rose diamond would be simply that it was a rose-tinted stone. There had been no such stone in Mr. Ashdon's bag, for they were all colorless. I suddenly remembered this, and saw its significance. It would be just as well to make inquiries before going farther.

The jeweler was a small man in a heavy greatcoat, and my conduct

*Chambers's Journal.*

seemed to startle him considerably. Indeed, my first question was rather abrupt.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "Can you tell me what kind of diamond is called a rose diamond?"

The jeweler slipped his keys into his pocket, and stared at me in such an astonished way that I found it necessary to explain.

"I have just been reading," I said, "the account of the London jewel-robbery. One of the stones lost is described as a rose diamond, and I am curious to know the meaning of the term."

The man's face cleared up considerably, though he still seemed surprised. Without further hesitation, however, he gave me a reply.

"The name," he said, "describes, partly, the shape of the stone. It is something like a rose in form, the under side being flat and the upper side rounded and cut in facets to a point. There are usually twenty-four facets." Then, as though he had often been asked the same question before, he added carelessly, "The term has nothing to do with the color. It can be a colorless stone."

That was quite enough. I muttered a hasty "Thank you!" and hurried away, leaving him to look after me with renewed astonishment. A little farther down the street I met an empty cab. At my signal the driver stopped, and I got in.

"The chief police station," I cried. "Quick!"

*W. E. Cule.*

*(To be continued.)*

## A MIND AND A MIND.\*

In her first chapter Mrs. Meynell speaks of this book as a "handbook of Ruskin," and similarly in her last chapter, as an attempt toward a "little popular guide." These descriptions may stand if we are allowed to suggest that the handbook is for those who are returning from Ruskin, rather than for those who are going to him; that the guidance is more suited to readers who are perplexedly filled with the Master, than to those who are about to fill themselves in a girlish hope of "lilles." Again, some readers may feel generously indignant with Mrs. Meynell for putting the name of handbook to a work of exhaustive thought and beautiful literary fibre. We feel no such concern. In an age when trash comes with trumpet, a piece of literature may as well swim into our ken as Number Three in a series of handbooks.

In its preparation and building this monograph is a work of unusual solicitude—solicitude of the heart as well as of the head; for when we have reckoned up the books that have been mastered, and the long dissectings, relations and comparings which alone could unify that reading, and the writer's pains to spare us the processes which she would not spare herself—there remain a crowd of instances where not the faculties but the loyalties of her mind have had to bear their strain, where the burden of dealing justly by a dead man's work has been heavy, and where reverence, though it never failed, has had to make itself felt in the tone of "I do not agree," or in the tone of "I do not understand." It may be said that these are simply the pains of critical biography. Yes, but the quantity of such pains depends on

the quantity of the biographer's mind; and the resolve to walk with a Master, yet not be dragged by him, to record his conclusions, but always to understand them, to set free his messages, but to give them the accent and effectiveness of the hour, becomes notable when it is made by a mind competent for the task in hand, and sensible of all the risks. Such a book, we think, is Mrs. Meynell's. It expounds a known mind by its effect on a known mind, and we watch the impact. It is impossible to read her acute exposition and not be thinking almost as much about the author of "The Rhythm of Life" as about the author of "Modern Painters." This is not to diminish the expository value of the book, but to describe it.

In approaching her task Mrs. Meynell might, it is obvious, have quickly pronounced for the notion that Ruskin was a true seer of nature, but a muddle-headed instructor in Art, and so have been free to interpret and emulate his fine words about Sun, Cloud, Shadow, Reed, Blade of Grass and the Winds of the World. For on these things she also has thought intently, and on all could say unusual things again. But it has not been her way thus to use Ruskin's best. She has undertaken nothing less than a study of the whole body of his work, and its painful exposition. Painful is the word; we have rarely seen a mind in such lengthy travail, imposing such exactness on every decision. The essay on "Rejection" had prophetic sentences: "We are constrained to such vigilance as will not let even a master's work pass unfanned and unpurged. . . . Our reflection must be alert and expert. . . . It makes us shrewder than we wish to be." It is this helplessness to be the bland disciple that

\* Modern English Writers.—John Ruskin. By Mrs. Meynell. (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.)

makes this book so vital. The warmest praise of the Master is there, and yet courteous alarm-bells are rung on every page.

This doctrine of rejection compels Mrs. Meynell to be a vigilant critic of Ruskin's style. Yet there is an eager, almost laughing, recognition of the fine things. Thus, from some pages "beautiful beyond praise" in "Unto this Last," Mrs. Meynell gives:

All England may, if it chooses, become one manufacturing town; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world cannot become a factory or a mine. . . . Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them. . . . So long as men live by bread, the far away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of the happy multitude ring round the winepress and the well.

In the chapter on the fifth volume of "Modern Painters" we have: "How exquisitely is this written of the Venetian citizen, with its allusions to certain Greeks—to Anacreon, to Aristophanes and to Hipplias Major:"

No swallow chattered at his window, nor, nestled under his golden roofs, claimed the sacredness of his mercy; no Pythagorean fowl brought him the blessings of the poor, nor did the grave spirit of poverty rise at his side to set forth the delicate grace and honor of lowly life. No humble thoughts of grasshopper sire had he, like the Athenian; no gratitude for gifts of olive; no childish care for figs, any more than thistles.

From "Præterita" "this magnificent image of the great balance of Johnson's style:"

I valued his sentences not primarily because they were symmetrical, but because they were just and clear. . . . It is a method of judgment rarely used

by the average public, who. . . . are as ready with their applause for a sentence of Macaulay's, which may have no more sense in it than a blot plucked between double paper, as to reject one of Johnson's, . . . *though its symmetry be as of thunder answering from two horizons.*

Of censure there is some, too, and it is in this direction that we encounter with distinct regret, what we may call Mrs. Meynell's *ukase* method of criticism. Page after page passes, and the criticism is gracious, experimental, or proven; then comes a *ukase*, an emanation of opinion, decisive in inverse proportion to its needlessness. These *ukases* are in your hands before you recover speech. You would exclaim, you would summon assistance, but Mrs. Meynell passes on in the gentle, deaf autocracy of her mood. The ceremony of delivering a *ukase* cannot be better illustrated than by her remarks on one of the most famous passages in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." She says:

Ruskin's description of that landscape . . . is a finished work, exquisite with study of leaf and language but yet not effective in proportion to its own beauty and truth. Ruskin wrote it in youth, in the impulse of his own discovery of language, and of all that English in its rich modern freshness could do under his mastery—and it is too much, too charged, too anxious. Some sixty lines of "word-painting" are here, and they are less than this line of a poet—

"Sunny eve in some forgotten place."

This refraining phrase is of more avail to the imagination than the splendid subalpine landscape of *The Seven Lamps*.

That is a *ukase*. How civilly you would have accepted the whole judgment up to the words "too anxious"! But this line of poetry—torn from some antipodean context, flicked into the wit-

ness-box unnamed, unsworn, unremembered, and crucially irrelevant to the case—this pet lamb in court, or this rabbit from counsel's hat, how shall we accept it? how be happy if we do not accept it?

And yet this is a mild example. On another page, after quoting a few sentences of Ruskin's, Mrs. Meynell writes, in parenthesis:

(Ruskin, at this time and ever after, used "which" where "that" would be more correct and less inelegant. He probably had the habit from him who did more than any other to disorganize the English language—that is, Gibbon.)

That is the perfect *ukase*. Note the intensification of authority by the withholding of Gibbon's name until the air has been darkened with his sin. But is it fair, or quite in the scheme of things, thus to ban Gibbon in a casual breath; to flout *en passant*, the reader's probable cherished opinion of Gibbon as if it were nothing? We picture Gibbon's own astonishment when this judgment is whispered along "the line of the Elysian shades." He may have expected it, may have humbled himself for its coming; but the manner of its coming he could not have foreseen. "In parenthesis!" we hear him gasp, as he sinks back on his couch of asphodel.

Well, but it is not enough that an interpreter should have prayed three times a day "in his chamber toward Jerusalem," or that he should pronounce the handwriting on the wall elegant or not—the question is, Can he translate its meaning? In this case the question may be hard to answer. Our own difficult, incompact impression of Mrs. Meynell's interpretation of Ruskin—itsself necessarily difficult and incompact—flies to a phrase, or rather to two words, which Mrs. Meynell brings into vital relation with Ruskin—Mystery and Lesson. She shows that, when dealing

with the Mystery, Ruskin is great; but, "if ever he has explained in vain, registered an inconsequence, committed himself to failure, it has been in the generous cause of possible rescue—it has been in the Lesson." The nobility of her exposition of Ruskin dwells centrally in the fact that, while she is sometimes doubtful about the Lesson, or is obliged to show (by its arduous compilation) that it was not too clearly or consistently delivered, or is constrained to deny it as a working precept, she makes us feel how glorious were those dealings with the hidden Mystery which issued in the peccant Teaching. And the vision of Ruskin which she leaves in the mind, in the mind of the present writer, is that of a man who spent his life in turning over with his great clean hand—first in hope, and at last in weariness—the whole assembled result of human art, and the registers of its origins. Anon he rose, like one drunken with beauty, afflicted with more purpose than he could contain or control, to teach from a full, but too particular, inspiration. And because in its divine frenzy the Lesson was not aimed, shaped, timed, proved, peptonized—it was laughed into the street by men whose hands stayed in their coat-tails. It would be easy for us to show again and again how Mrs. Meynell, having wrestled with and reluctantly confuted Ruskin's Lesson, has convinced us of his hold on the Mystery. And one comes to be very grateful for these long compensating swings of the pendulum, and for the smaller reparations. One notes how, after some pages of particularly destructive criticism on "The Two Paths," a dainty justice hastens to offer this:

If I have treated this book with controversy, it was impossible to do otherwise. But out of its treasures of wisdom take the page in praise of Titian, which ends in the passage: "Nobody

cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they."

And surely with this quotation went a tact in its choice, for Ruskin's fate and Titian's are not alike. Ruskin's bitter disappointment when he found that the Turner water-colors in the National Gallery, which he had arranged with incredible labor, had been absolutely forgotten by the public and allowed to fade by Providence, produces a fine comment. Ruskin had said: "That was the first mystery of life to me," and Mrs. Meynell says:

The reader will remember that Turner's pictures were not only neglected by men, but also irreparably injured and altered by time; to witness this was to endure the chastisement of a hope whereof few men are capable. Surely it is no obscure sign of greatness in a soul—that it should have hoped so much. Ninety-and-nine are they who need no repentance, having not committed the sin of going thus in front of the judgments of heaven—heralds—and have not been called back to rebuke as was this one. In what has so often been called the dogmatism of Ruskin's work appears this all noble fault.

Upon the discovery of this mystery crowd all the mysteries. Who that has suffered one but has also soon suffered all? In this great lecture ["The Mystery of Life and its Arts"] Ruskin con-

*The Academy.*

fesses them one by one, in extremities of soul. And he is aghast at the indifference not of the vulgar only, but of poets. The seers themselves have paltered with the faculty of sight. Milton's history of the fall of the angels is unbelievable to himself, told with artifice and invention, not a living truth presented to living faith, nor told as he must answer it in the last judgment of the intellectual conscience. "Dante's . . ." The indifference of the world as to the infinite question of religion, the indifference of all mankind as to the purpose of its little life, of every man as to the effect of his little life—in an evil hour these puzzles throng the way to the recesses of thought.

We have shown the temper and tendency of Mrs. Meynell's book. If we are now asked whether she has evolved from Ruskin's teaching a clear resultant that one may copy into one's pocket-book, and say, "At last this is Ruskin's teaching," we answer that she has failed to do this—because it was not possible. All the more is one impressed by the patience which footed every inch of the way to a foreseen vagueness. But Mrs. Meynell has set many things in order, and has put some things in a bright light; she has greatly distinguished Ruskin's failure from his success; and she has written an intrinsically fine book, of which the labor and truthful speaking adumbrate the labor and truthful speaking of the Master.

---

FORGIVE OUR DEBTS, AS WE DO NOT  
FORGIVE.

Ere yet thy heart be hard and dry,  
Make haste to pardon and atone;  
One hoarded hate shuts all the sky,  
And turns the Father's heart to stone.

*Frederick Langbridge.*

## THE SAVING OF WYLLARD'S WHEAT.

One day in early spring, when the rolling levels of frost-bleached grass stretched back as yet untouched with green towards the horizon, two men who risked much upon the weather that year talked together beside the long, black furrows of Imrie's ploughing, which alone broke the gray-white waste of Manitoban plain. One was rich in stock and lands, though the free prairie settlers did not like him, for Evanson Wyllard of Carrington still retained the less pleasant characteristics of an insular Briton, and ruled over his fifteen hundred acres in feudal fashion, neither granting nor accepting favors from any man. Nevertheless, as a matter of business, they broke the virgin prairie soil for him at so much an acre.

The other was poor, though of good up-bringing, and, as sometimes happens, loved the rich man's daughter, which was presumptuous of him, for Wyllard was sowing twelve hundred acres of wheat that spring, while Imrie had sunk his last dollar and pledged his credit to sow three hundred. Still, the prairie folk greatly preferred Imrie, for he gave of his little with open hands, and borrowed seed-wheat and implements as freely as he lent them. Neither did he abuse the country which provided him with a living, as was sometimes Wyllard's custom. He stood with his feet in the black loam of the spring ploughing beside his big ox-team, a bronzed, athletic figure in blue canvas overalls, refined rather than roughened by sturdy labor, speaking fast and eagerly. Wyllard sat in his Ontario buggy silent and grim, a hard man, so the settlers said, with iron-gray hair and piercing eyes, listening with ironical patience until the other had done.

"I'm sorry. It's perfectly impossible, even absurd," he said then. "Constance was carefully trained in England, and when she marries it must be in accordance with her station. She shall not, in any case, come down to the rough life you could offer her, all of which I tried to make plain before. This time you must plainly understand I forbid all correspondence, decline to reopen the subject, and request you to cease your visits at my house."

Shaking the reins he drove away, and Imrie's hands clenched tighter on the stilt of the breaker plough, as with a sense of cold dismay he stared across the waste of rolling prairie. Away on the crest of a rise two figures were silhouetted against crystalline blue, one slender and girlish, a graceful picture with the broncho beneath her, though he frowned as he recognized a distant and favorite kinsman of Wyllard's in the other. They turned and dipped behind the rise as the buggy approached, and that was the last of Constance Wyllard Imrie saw for many a day. Afterwards he stood still, seeing nothing, while his thoughts went back to the weary years of struggle since he had taken his younger son's portion, and, turning his back on the overcrowded mother country, set out to seek his fortune in the wider spaces of the West. Fortune proved herself strangely hard to win. Two crops had the gophers eaten, and one was blighted by frost, but, too proud to own himself beaten or ask for aid from home, Imrie held on, living very hardly and working harder, until at last the luck began to turn. Also the prairie settlers, ready as usual to help the man with courage to help himself, gave him much more than sage advice, while, so their wives said, the winsome Con-



stance Wyllard looked on him kindly, for Imrie was a handsome man.

"You won't raise twenty bushels the acre that way. No, nor yet fifteen," said the burly Ontario Jasper, who went by ripping up the stiff, black clods with the disc-harrows. "Saw you talking to old Cast-Iron—no business of mine, but I guess it was about the girl. Greatly stuck on himself, and going nap on a big crop again this year he is. Well, you just lie by. Harvest frost will fetch him sure some day, and then you'll get her easy."

Imrie was not a new-comer, and therefore did not resent the speech. He knew it was made with frank goodwill, and he shook off the dull, cold feeling as he settled the bright share in the furrow anew. Perhaps in due time, he thought, this obstacle might be overcome as others had been, and meanwhile there was much to do if he would keep faith with the Brandon implement dealers who had shown faith in him. He, too, was staking his all, for the sake of Constance Wyllard, on a record crop. So while the autocrat of Carlington drove home, spoke sharp words to his daughter, and spent an unpleasant hour over accounts which proved to him that hail or frost in harvest might spell ruin, Imrie's heart grew lighter as he went on with his ploughing. He had learned on the lone, hard prairie that there is little a man cannot win by singleness of purpose and the power of tireless labor.

Thus, as the tardy northern spring melted into burning summer, and an emerald flush that presently vanished again, crept over the whitened sod, the blue-green wheat grew tall and strong upon the holdings of rich man and poor alike. Imrie's heart grew soft at times as he watched it. He had toiled twelve hours a day, sometimes fifteen, and now the kindly earth promised to return what he had entrusted it to him a hundredfold, while every bushel brought

him so much nearer to Constance Wyllard. She also believed in his eventual success, so a last hurried letter written before her departure to England said, which bade him wait and be of a good courage. Then mellow autumn came, while for once the early frost did not, and under the blaze of noonday sun, and by the light of the moon in the clear, cool nights, when the air was filled with the smell of burning grass, the tall wheat went down before the clinking knives and tossing arms of the Ontario binders. Swath by swath the yellow sea, which swayed in long ripples four feet above the prairie, was piled up in sheaves, and the smoke of the big thrasher drifted night and day across the dusty plain which was now gray-white again. Wyllard thrashed and stored his wheat in strawpile granaries, waiting for a rise. Imrie thrashed and sold, and when the accounts arrived, gazed at them with misty eyes, remembering how for three hopeless years he held on, denying himself everything for the sake of his land, and now the land was faithfully paying it back to him.

Thus it happened that when the last bushel had been accounted for, Imrie gave his neighbors a supper, and the scattered settlers drove their wives and sweethearts in from thirty miles around to rejoice with him over a record crop. Under radiant moonlight, they danced quaint country dances of Caledonia, and measures of ancient France, on the crackling prairie-sod which rolled back from the inky shadows of the homestead mile after mile to the edge of the great circle where it cut the skyline. The music was in keeping with the sense of vastness and distance, for a minor note wailed through its merriment, and the Quebec habitant, whose battered violin evolved it, had been handed down part by forebears, who came over with Jacques Cartier and had learned the rest among the whis-

pering pines of the Laurentian wilderness. Imrie danced and jested with all alike, from the fourteen-stone matron, who had once been a Cheshire dairy-drudge, and now managed a stalwart husband and many head of stock, to the yellow-haired ex-attendant of a London bar, who worshipped him secretly. He found this damsel's languishing looks strangely irritating, but he danced twice with her because her brother was a good friend of his, while her next partner was a university graduate, who drove about the prairie vending patent medicines.

Still, all the time he longed for the graceful presence of Constance Wyllard, and wondered when he would see her again. No news had reached him now for many weeks; there was only the one hurried letter whose message was hope and work. Meanwhile, away back towards its dim edge where the stars shone brighter above the horizon, glimmering streaks of radiance moved across the prairie, while here and there wreaths of vapor obscured the sweep of indigo. The grass was tinder dry, and the fires, lighted how no man knows, raged among it. One grew steadily brighter, and when a pale crimson reflection topped the crest of a rise several of those present remembered with misgivings that they had not ploughed the full count of furrows round their possessions, as by law required, which will often, but not always, check a prairie fire. Others also regretted the fact that the matted grass was creeping across their guards again, and so little by little the merriment slackened, until a clamor broke out, when with a rapid beat of hoofs ringing through the deepening silence a man on a lathered horse rode up out of the night.

"Biggest fire I've seen for five years coming down from the east," he said. "Heading straight for Carrington; even the green sloo couldn't stop it, and Wyl-

lard's holding a fortune in his straw-pile granary, with his guards half grown up."

Then one or two of Imrie's guests said many things, for they remembered the ironical rejection of friendly advice, as others did the manner in which the autocrat of Carrington in time of drought bargained for their stock. He had the means to sink artesian wells, which they had not, and must therefore sell or lose their stock, and all this rose up clearly now. For a few moments an ugly thought entered Imrie's mind. If that wheat were destroyed one barrier between him and Constance Wyllard, in the shape of a heavy bank balance, would vanish with it, but he also felt he could not meet the girl's clear eyes if he held his hand. So he flung it from him, and in a sudden hush sent his voice ringing across the assembly.

"There's a neighbor's homestead threatened," he said. "Stop, you need not tell me—no man knows better that he hasn't always a pleasant tongue, but it's a common danger, and I'm going to help him. Who is coming with me?"

Then through the murmurs a woman's voice rose up, "We can understand Mr. Imrie wanting to go. Who is going to help him to please Constance Wyllard?" It was the barmaid who spoke, and when a growl of disapproval answered her, Imrie commenced again:

"I thought it was an open secret that Miss Wyllard was in England, and her father had closed the doors of Carrington to me," he said, "Some day, who knows how soon it may be, our turn will come. He staked heavily on it and won that crop, and if you can stand by and see him ruined I can't."

This time there was approbation, and the messenger said, "Good man! I'm going. Jasper here's coming along, too. Miss Wyllard is back any way, with that gilt-edged Britisher fooling round

her, for I saw them helping the old man to turn out the stock. Carrington took it as usual, cool as a blizzard—hard clean grit he is all through—with his paid hands away hauling wheat into the elevators."

That settled the matter. In frantic hurry they saddled or yoked the horses, and ten minutes later with a cry of "Good luck" from the women ringing behind them, a very mixed cavalcade swept out into the silence of the moon-lit prairie, leaving a yellow-haired girl staring with fierce eyes after them. There was a thunder of hoofs on the matted sod, a great bouncing of wheels, the clods whirled up in the faces of those who rode behind, and Imrie, leading the van, swaying easily to the gray horse's strides, spoke to the double team that hauled a gang-plough in his box-wagon. The beasts knew his voice and responded gallantly, the slender wagon body creaked under its heavy load, and even Jasper, who lurched on the driving seat, was startled when, breast-high in crackling grass that went down before them, Imrie rushed the wagon jolting through a dried-up sloo, like a field-gun badly needed going to the front.

Then as they pounded up the slope of a rise a wavy line of crimson appeared not very far away on the other side, the smoke that rose above it blotting out the stars, and reaching the incline the pace grew furious, for all realized there was no time to lose. Reckless of murderous badger-hole or rolling nigger-head stone, neck and neck, or wheel to wheel, with the weaker streaming away behind, pounding, clattering, jolting, the stronger held on, the cool wind screaming past them, and spume flakes whirling up, until at last a loom of buildings rose out of the prairie, and they drew rein before the homestead of Carrington. Swinging himself to earth Imrie raised his broad felt hat as he stood before its owner and his

daughter, but Evanson Wyllard was as the messenger had said, a hard man all through, and there was neither panic nor dismay in face or bearing as he waited them.

"We heard a fire was coming this way in a hurry. These were my guests to-night, and I brought them along to help," said Imrie; and the grim autocrat answered quietly, "I am much indebted to all of you. As it happens, also, my men are away."

"No time to fool in talking," shouted the breathless Jasper. "Where's your ploughs, Carrington? Some one turn out and hitch on his fresh horses," and inside five minutes Imrie found himself gripping the lines of the big gang-plough. Nevertheless, the hands that clenched them had, for a moment, held the slender fingers of Constance Wyllard, and her low voice even then vibrated in his ears, "He will never forget it; I know his ways. It was like you, Harry."

"I'm used to horses if I'm not much of a farmer," said a voice close by. "You seem to be managing things. Can you tell me what to do?" and Imrie glancing round, saw his rival, Wyllard's distant kinsman.

"Yes; you can find grain-bags and soak them at the well. When the smoke rolls down thick come back to me," he answered, hurriedly, and there was a crackle of matted fibres as the triple shares of the gang-plough ripped through the sod, while Imrie looked over his shoulder a moment. Behind him rose the splendid wooden buildings of Carrington with thousands of dollars worth of wheat lying in several huge strawpile granaries. These are mere mounds of straw heaped many feet thick about a willow framing which when packed by wind and snow, form an efficient store. In front stretched the flickering wall of fire, and their task was simply to plough a broad belt of furrows between it and its prey.

Then he shouted to the horses, the whip cracked like a rifle, and the black loam curled in waves away from the mould-board's slide, while, with a great trampling, single ploughs and teams came surging along behind.

Before they reached the turning a sea of fire came roaring slowly and irresistibly towards them across the tindery grass, while wisps of pungent smoke blew down into Imrie's eyes. The beasts plunged viciously, and he had to hurry to the leaders' heads, for that was a double team, while he was several times lifted from his feet when they strove to rear upright. But he restrained them, and was flung down and trodden on when they reached the turning, only to rise again hatless, gasping, with blood upon his face, to lead the gang-plough back first along the return line. With a cloud of sparks hurled aloft by the draught it made, the great crimson crescent, roaring horribly, was close upon them now, and he could scarcely see the teams behind through the wreaths of smoke. The horses were nearly frantic, and would have mastered him, but an English voice came out of the vapor, "Rather wild, are they not? Let me help you," and Imrie was glad to frankly accept his rival's assistance. It needed the utmost strength of both to hold the beasts to their work, but they cheered on one another, and the treble furrow was finished somehow, while, when Imrie slipped the clevis at the end of it, the team bolted incontinently.

Then through the thud of hoofs and crackling of the fire, whose fierce heat already scorched them, Jasper's voice rang out, "Let the beasts all go. Guess they'll find their own way clear of it. Handy with the grain bags; there's another circus just beginning now."

The wet sacks were soaked ready. Wyllard and his daughter had seen to that, while, when Constance staggered towards him, dripping, under a heavy

burden, Imrie ceased his protests as with the glare of the flame upon her face she said, "When the rest are doing so much, I must take my part, too."

The fire rolled up to the first of the furrows, and halted a moment there, stretching out tongues of flame towards the withered grass tufts that showed between, ready to seize upon them as a bridge to help it across to the wealth of fuel waiting behind. Sometimes it also passed that bridge, but scorched and panting men stretched out along the line flung themselves upon it and thrashed it down with the soaked bags. Here and there wind-blown sparks took hold, and amid hoarse shouting a dozen fresh fires started at once, while in answer blackened men, whose clothing smouldered in places, poured in and strove to smother the incipient blaze. They fought the flame with the same dogged endurance that sustained them in their struggle against frost and drought, and for a mad space the battle went on in heat like that of a furnace, and a smother of suffocating vapor. Then a further shout was raised that one granary blazed, and Imrie, with his rival, was first to rush towards the sheet of flame. "Not very nice to look at," gasped the latter, who, by this time, had been turned into a sorry spectacle. "Still, if you know how to start I'll help you. Best fun, if there wasn't so much at stake, I've had for many a day."

The fire was licking the lower side of the huge strawpile and the two stood breathless a moment while Imrie considered a plan of attack. Then as they moved towards it Jasper grasped his shoulder. "Come back, you idiots," he said. "All the men on this prairie couldn't save it now. I'll tell you with the shovel before you try it. No use burning yourself to death for nothing."

Recognizing the attempt was hopeless rather than that it was dangerous,

they did so, while next moment a breathless roar of triumph went up, for two divided walls of fire passed on down wind across the prairie, and, save for the one burning strawpile, Carrington homestead stood unharmed between. Blackened, dripping, burned, with a nasty pain in his side, Imrie followed by the others, approached its entrance; and Wyllard, who was in almost as evil a case, raised his hat as he met them and said, with an unusual tremor in his voice: "Men and neighbors, I cannot sufficiently thank you for what you have done this night, and I ask the forgiveness of some for any ill-considered things I may have said. There are events, which, as perhaps one or two of you know, embitter the temper of any man. And now, in token of a new friendship, will you favor me by accepting my hospitality? Mr. Imrie, I would like a few words with you."

The men refused civilly—their wives would be anxious about them, they said; but when Constance Wyllard, with a light in her eyes, also thanked them, a hoarse cheer went up, and she blushed when another for Imrie following it died away far down the fire-seamed prairie. Walking very stiffly, for his side pained him, Imrie approached the threshold of Wyllard's house, where he said, "Those are my friends behind. The last time we met you did not treat me as such. May I ask upon what footing you receive me now?"

Then Wyllard's face softened, and his gray moustache twitched as he silently held out his hand to him. Imrie staggered as he passed into the long, birch-built hall, where the heads of wolves and deer reeled before him, then tried to recover himself, saying, "It is nothing. One of the horses kicked me, I think," as Constance Wyllard with a low cry ran towards him.

Still, two men had seen and read the

look in her face. One was her English sultor, and he set his teeth as he slipped out into the night, while the autocrat of Carrington smiled grimly. He recognized the inevitable, for he loved his daughter after his own fashion, and it hurt him to yield. Then Jasper, who had come in for the keg of cider which Constance Wyllard insisted upon the helpers emptying by way of a stirrup-cup, created a needed diversion by seizing Imrie's arm and saying, "Used up? no wonder, after being stamped on by a double team. With due respect to Miss Wyllard, we're going to take him home. Mrs. Jasper's great on doctoring, and we owe Imrie considerable."

Imrie felt too dizzy to protest; what Wyllard said he could not recall, but he remembered that when someone propped him against bags of prairie hay in a wagon, it was Constance who placed the cushion under his head. Then with mutual goodwill the settlers drove away, making the night unlovely with strange songs of victory, while Imrie leaned back on the haystacks in half-dazed content, and almost forgot the pain he felt. The portly Mrs. Jasper, who tied bandages round him, said there were no bones broken; then she smeared oil on the worst of the burns, and gave him something cool to drink after which he sank into a sleep that lasted ten hours, while it was about the time he wakened that the young Englishman entered Wyllard's room.

"It's hard to explain, sir, but I'm going back—to get over it," he said. "I saw Miss Wyllard's face when he came in, and I know after last night there isn't a ghost of a chance for me. He seems a very fine fellow, too; your pardon, I really cannot help it—confound him!"

Then the ruler of Carrington smiled drily as he answered, "Spoken well and straightforwardly. I had already formed the same opinion."

It was two days later when Imrie,



who had lost some of his usual color and still moved stiffly, was driven over to Carrington, and spent half an hour in private with its owner, who had requested him to do so. What passed between them only the two men knew, but Imrie went straight from that interview into the presence of Constance Wyllard, and felt, when at last her head rested on his shoulder, that he

*The Argosy.*

would have fought prairie fires forever for such a consummation. There was a wedding later, when for the first time since its building, all the settlers within a radius of twenty miles assembled at Carrington, and, somewhat against his wishes, Imrie's bride did not come to him empty-handed, for that harvest had set his feet at last upon the road to prosperity.

*Harold Bindloss.*

### A RUN THROUGH ST. HELENA.\*

Our first view of St. Helena gave the singular impression of a huge enshrouded mummy lying stretched upon its back, the King and Queen Peaks on the left giving the idea of feet, the Turk's Head in the centre looking like hands folded in front, and the great Barn Rock representing a monster head. The thin veil of mist brooding over the island obscured for the time details in the landscape so as to heighten the somewhat weird appearance. As we drew nearer, the rain ceased and, clear and imposing before us, stood St. Helena as a solid fortress of rock. We sailed for some time close under the great sea walls, and were charmed with the prismatic coloring cast by the rising sun on the damp, bare battlements of rock. As we kept on, Flagstaff Hill, rising to a height of 2,000 feet, and the Sugar Loaf—a striking, conical-shaped hill of nearly that altitude—came in view. At the foot of the latter are two batteries, one at a hundred and another at two hundred feet above the sea-level, and both adding to the picturesqueness of the place. In Flagstaff Bay, between the Barn and Sugar Loaf, flew

hundreds of sea-birds, some white, others dark-brown, fishing vigorously, and presenting in *tableau vivant* a proverb of their own—"It's the early bird that catches the fish." About seven o'clock we rounded the Sugar Loaf, and slowly crept southwest down the coast towards the anchorage, which extends only about a mile from the shore. Every instant as we forged ahead new points of interest met us; precipitous gorges, with sides of barren rock running back until they revealed some distant island oasis of spring-green grass, overlooked by a white-faced house; great masses of scoriated rock of many shapes, every peak of which, facing the sea, seemed to bear a battery or hold on its shoulders a cannon. Before we had reached Rupert Bay, James's Town, stood revealed in so far as projecting Munden Point will allow. And very well it looked with its old-fashioned quay, its pretty church spire and white houses wedged in between hills of no mean elevation, starting up precipitously on either side.

After landing, one of our first expeditions was to Ladder Hill—the western promontory of James's Bay, which rises almost perpendicularly to an altitude of 800 feet above the sea. Straight

\* This sketch was written some years since, but we give it as picturing features of permanent interest.



up the face of the mountain, starting from near St. James's Church and the Entrance Gates, climbs the far-famed ladder which gives the hill its name. I suppose there is no other such ladder in the world, which I understand is 993 feet in length, 602 feet high, has a slope of thirty-two degrees, having 699 wooden steps and one *stone* one! each step rising eleven inches. The carriage drive which we were now ascending at a very vigorous speed is a steep zigzag road nine feet in breadth, and hedged in by a rubble wall, about a foot thick and three feet high. With the slight drawback of one or two short, light showers, this drive was most exhilarating. Every moment our view of town and bay became more perfect, and the atmosphere continually lighter and more bracing. Then the ascent was replete with incidents novel to us. Every hundred yards, at least, we encountered bare-footed natives with donkeys—one, two, three, sometimes six or eight—variously laden, but chiefly with gorse from the highlands for firewood. Owing to the narrowness of the way, and the waywardness of the donkeys, some coaxing and applications of "waddy" on the one side and engineering on the other were required at times before we could pass.

Here and everywhere we were struck with the walking capacities of the St. Helenists—very young, middle-aged and very old and withered people tramping up hill and down dale with lithe and elastic step.

On the summit of Ladder Hill are the fort and extensive barracks, built of stone, where once stood the public gibbet, on which history telleth "criminals were hung in chains in full view of the town and harbor." On the ridges above, to the left, is the Observatory established by the East India Company over fifty years ago, and long fallen into disuse. I should have chronicled earlier that our *cortège* had six

followers on foot, each carriage and horseman having a *gamin*, who attached himself as page-in-waiting for the day. This institution of boy-hanger-on would doubtless prove a superlative nuisance when the novelty of the thing had worn off; but there is no doubt at all that they provided us with a good deal of recurrent amusement, and gave a pleasing feeling of being in "furrin' parts" to the day's excursion, which was worth the "tips" disbursed in the evening. Up and down hill, whether we travelled fast or slow, over pebbles, couch-grass, broken metal or rock, like shadows they pursued us, and whenever their eyes caught ours they grinned from ear to ear. Gates met with *en route* they opened, running on before; they put on and took off when required the peculiar "shoe" brakes of our phaetons; held the saddle-horses when wanted, and when we told them gathered ferns and wildflowers.

Our first glimpse of Longwood was across a deep and wide gorge of barren rock. The interest in Longwood is almost entirely dependent upon its connection with the great exile, for not even a very imaginative local guide-book could call the sight highly picturesque, for it is flat, with the dusky "Haystack peak" for a distant background. About three-quarters of a mile from Longwood, and beside Halley's Mount, where the celebrated astronomer had his Observatory during the years he was on the island, studying and classifying the stars of the Southern Hemisphere, is the hamlet of Huts' Gate. The drive from James's Town to Longwood, with stoppages, took us two hours and forty minutes.

All of us were gratified when we found the Longwood hostelry to be a neat cottage, in the middle of a garden, in which were growing bananas, etc., and offering for our accommodation large and comfortably furnished parlor and dining-room. It was amusing

to see how we revelled in a walk on the grass-plot and in the garden, glorying in being once more on *terra firma*. All were in the best of tempers, and not unlike schoolboys out for a holiday. When the first effervescence of spirits had passed off we betook ourselves to the parlor and the latest English papers. Then came the summons, which required no repetition, and in a twinkling one of the merriest and best-natured parties I ever saw closed around the dining-room table. We were waited upon by a comely, neatly attired, black-eyed native dansel, and the lunch which she spread for us was voted, without a dissentient voice, a masterpiece of country victualling. The table laughed with an abundant supply of ham and eggs, snow-white bread and freshest butter, jugs of milk, plates of bananas and figs. To appreciate the situation, it must be remembered that we had been three months at sea without tasting fresh butter, eggs or fresh fruit. Refreshed and in amiable mood, we started in a body to see the sights.

A pleasant walk of a few hundred yards up a well-grassed incline, dotted over with yellow everlastings, brought us to the home of Napoleon's ruined hopes, the nest of this rock-bound cage. Of this famous domicile there is not much to be said. It is not as it was when Bonaparte lived in it. The walls are the same and the rooms look somewhat as they did to him, but the whole interior of the house is of modern workmanship, though, after the fashion of the original. In a sense, therefore, the visitor to Longwood sees the rooms in which the famous Frenchman lived, and in a sense he sees but a copy of them. Notwithstanding that such are the facts, I felt a real interest in the place, scanning the various chambers with sympathy, and henceforth Napoleon's banishment and the enforced season of calm which succeeded his turbid European life will be realized and under-

stood by me as never before. The house is an old-fashioned rambling cottage, with a flight of four or five steps leading up to the front door.

According to a local historian this building was originally a farmhouse, and was at the time Napoleon arrived on the island occupied as a country residence by the Lieutenant-Governor. Being selected for the Emperor, the present front room with the veranda attached was added to the building by Sir G. Cockburn, and formed the billiard-room and *salon de réception*.

As we entered, a young lady, daughter of the French officer in charge of the property—M. F. D. C. Morilleau—received us and showed us through the rooms. It may be well to state here, what is not, I think, generally known, that the old house at Longwood with three acres of land about it, and also twenty-three acres in Napoleon's Vale where the famous exile was buried, was purchased by the English Government from the private owners in 1858 at a cost of £5,100, and conveyed to the Emperor of the French and his heirs in perpetuity. Both Longwood and the tomb are looked after by the officer before referred to, who is a civil servant of the French Government. The house was quite destitute of furniture with the exception of small pier-glasses in a couple of the rooms. Mural notices in French and English in the various apartments reveal the purposes to which they were put during the residency of Napoleon. There were reception, drawing and dining-rooms, writing office, bedroom, bath and dressing rooms and a billiard-room which could not contain a full-sized table. None of the apartments are lofty, and the house could never have been remarkably cheerful.

The most interesting portion of the house to the visitor is the *salon* of the Emperor, as the wall notices name it, because as one has humorously said,

there is *something in it*. This room, which measures 21 feet x 15 feet, was used by Napoleon towards the close of his life as a bedroom, and we are informed that "here on the 5th of May, 1821, the Emperor breathed his last." On that day, it is related, "the island was swept by a most tremendous storm, which tore up many trees by the roots." The spot where he died is marked off by a plain wooden railing which encloses a space, 7 feet x 5 feet, in the centre of which is a marble, laurel-crowned bust of the great General from a cast taken after death. Suspended below the bust and in front of the pedestal (alas! that these words will recall Mark Twain's excruciating joke) hangs a wreath of immortelles, from which one of our party with the true relic-hunter's instinct annexes, unobserved, a white leaf. In the billiard-room is the Visitor's Book, in which, following the multitude of cosmopolitan pilgrims, we inscribed our names and addresses. Looking back to earlier pages of the book, I was interested in reading numerous warm expressions of love for the great warrior which French soldiers, visiting Longwood from time to time, had appended to their signatures. In this room also various knick-knacks made on the island, photos of the house and other curios, are exposed for sale, and of course we each of us took away something as a souvenir. Upstairs in a wing of the house is a row of attics, which had probably been used by the servants. I expended much energy in climbing up the narrow staircase, and was not rewarded for the exhaustive effort.

About a hundred yards from the old house, at the foot of the lawn, is the one-storied mansion built for Napoleon by the British Government, which, although, as we were informed, he used daily to visit it while it was a-building, he never occupied—dying before it was quite finished. It is substantially con-

structed of stone, and has fifty-six rooms of various sizes. New Longwood has an elevation of 1,700 feet above the sea. Being shown into the drawing-room—a spacious and suitably furnished apartment in the right wing—we spent a short time conversing and examining works of art, etc. We were here shown a small carte-de-visite photograph of the late Prince Imperial, bearing the autograph of the ex-Empress Eugénie, presented to M. Morilleau by the Empress on July 12, 1880, when she visited St. Helena on her mournful return from Zululand, the scene of her son's violent death by the assegai of a savage.

Before leaving we gathered in the Longwood grounds a few flowers and leaves to keep as tokens. After hurriedly swallowing a cup of coffee, provided without extra charge by the polite young hostess of the restaurant, we jumped into our phaeton and rattled after our friends, who had gone on some time before. Our way now lay down a steep, zigzag road to the green and secluded retreat about a mile off, where Napoleon most loved to wander, and where on his decease in the fifty-second year of his age, and the sixth of his exile, his remains were laid to rest. Here they lay for nineteen years, attracting troops of visitors to the island and the tomb, until in 1840 the body was removed to Paris, and re-entombed under the dome of the Invalides. It is a romantic spot—a mountain-sheltered nook clothed with greenery and pines, and looking down into a barren ravine significantly known as "The Devil's Punchbowl." The tomb, so long unoccupied, was still kept, when I saw it, much as it was forty-five years ago, though there is now neither tombstone nor tablet, the ground about it being enclosed by a circular wooden railing, and the spot itself, which is covered with slabs, by an iron palisading some ten feet square. Fringing the

latter on the inside was a thick row of    whose cool, clear waters the Emperor  
 geraniums. On a ledge above the tomb    delighted to drink.  
 is the little stone-lipped well, from

*John Walker.*

*The Leisure Hour.*

### THE DREAMER.

Ah! let me leave the dust and glare  
 Of urban streets for hidden rills;  
 Let me catch summer's robe, and share  
 The lonely comfort of the hills.

Or in some dim and distant vale  
 Where late spring flowers linger yet,  
 And some impassioned nightingale  
 Sings above banks of violet,

At the rapt hour when evening loves  
 To kiss the forehead of the world,  
 When hushed are all the drowsy doves,  
 And every roving wing is furled,

Grant me to lie and muse away  
 The memory of our modern life;  
 Let me forget the age of clay  
 In all its weariness and strife.

Or on the bank where sighing reeds  
 Are sung to slumber by the stream  
 Leave me, remote from jostling creeds,  
 Conflicting cultures, in a dream

Of bright Arcadia yet unbanned,  
 And that dead epoch of old Greece  
 When mighty heroes Argo manned,  
 All amorous of the Golden Fleece.

So shall I climb the stair of Jove  
 And drink of the Olympian wine,  
 Or hear Demeter sigh for love  
 Of her enraptured Proserpine.

Within the sunburnt walls of Troy  
 The maids are fair, the men are strong;  
 I see the glittering troops deploy,—  
 The bands of mighty warriors throng

Towards the city gate; I see  
The lovely, languid Spartan Queen,  
And, near her, pale Andromache,  
One white hand lifted up to screen

Her anxious eyes from noon-tide glare,  
Searching for Hector's haughty crest,  
And Cressid, with her rippling hair,  
Of all frail things the loveliest.

The Gates of Hell unclose to me,  
And Cerberus hangs his triple head,  
Before me pass in panoply  
The splendid legions of the dead.

I am the Lord of all the past,  
The tyrant of the land of dreams;  
Yea— in this world the least and last—  
I am the God of that which seems.

So let me flee this noisy age;  
Blot out my name from memory's scroll;  
Leave me my dreamer's heritage,  
The secret kingdom of the soul.

*The Spectator.*

*St. John Lucas.*

---

## OLD BETTY AND HER LADYSHIP.

Old Betty Perkins lived in one room in the Borough. She was not largely blessed with this world's goods, but Heaven had endowed her with a cheery soul, and she looked out on life with serene old eyes that saw the bright side of things by preference to the dark, and believed firmly in good times to come—somewhen, somewhere.

She lived in a third-floor back, and although her room contained the minimum number of articles possible for a minimum degree of comfort, she kept everything scrupulously clean and neat, and "and that is always something," as she was wont to say.

Nobody ever came to see her, except her immediate neighbors, who resorted to old Betty to pour out their woes into

her sympathizing ears. And how it had come about I do not know, but no district visitor ever visited Betty, or had ever done so in all the old lady's long life and she went on her serene independent way, unhelped by any organization, parochial or otherwise, getting along as best she could.

She was a simple, kindly old soul, and there was no one in the neighborhood who had not a good word for her.

One afternoon Betty sat alone in her little room, resting, at the conclusion of her "bit of cleaning," and watching the kettle preparing to boil for her cup of tea. Her sole companion, a canary, in a small cage by the window, was singing his very best, because a long ray of sunshine had contrived to strag-

gle between the tall houses opposite and to shine into the third-floor back. Its coming cheered the canary, and old Betty nodded and smiled as the bird sang.

There was a footstep on the stairs—a slow, unaccustomed footstep, but the canary's voice was so loud that old Betty did not hear the outside sound, until a knock at the door made her start up hastily.

"Well, there, my dear," she said later to a neighbor, "you could a' knocked me down with a feather when I opened that there door. I never see nothin' like her in my life!"

For standing on Betty Perkins's threshold was the very smartest lady Betty's eyes had ever fallen upon. She was tall and graceful and faultlessly dressed. She held a parasol in one hand, a parcel in the other. She panted a little, out of breath, after her long climb up the stairs.

Betty took the initiative, being, so she felt, on her own ground.

"Was there anything I could do for you ma'am?" she asked, looking at the smart lady with kindly eyes.

"I came to pay you a visit," the lady answered—"I am going to visit in this neighborhood." Her voice was condescending; she gathered her skirts daintily about her, and looked expectantly at Betty.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, ma'am," the old woman said, in a bewildered tone; "will you please to come in?" And she drew the door wider open, that her visitor might enter. "And will you please sit down?" she added, drawing forward the one chair—a somewhat dilapidated cane one.

The smart lady seated herself, her skirts still held closely round her.

"Which my room was as clean as a new pin," Betty said afterwards, a little resentfully to a friend.

"And what is your name?" the lady

asked, and the faintest flicker of surprise crossed her face as Betty seated herself upon the only other seat in the room, namely, the bed.

"My name is Perkins," Betty answered, simply, "and I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, ma'am."

The lady stared.

"Oh! my name is Lady Allerton," she said, shortly, "and I am coming to visit down here."

"Do you live in these parts, may I ask, ma'am?"

"Oh, no! I live a long way from here—in Eaton Square. Do you live only in one room?" she added, glancing round it with curious eyes as she spoke. "It must be rather cramped, I should think—"

"Well, no, ma'am, I don't seem to find it so. There's only me, you see, and one old woman don't seem to take much room, do she? And I couldn't manage not to pay for more than the one room. Rents is rather high in these parts," she added, apologetically.

"But I suppose you can get help from the parish, and things?" her ladyship asked, vaguely.

Betty drew herself up a little, but if her tone was a trifle stiff it was still very courteous. She knew the rules of hospitality and politeness.

"Oh, no, ma'am! I am glad to say I don't have no call to go to the parish, nor nothing of that, and I hope I never may have. Me and my pore husband we put away a mite, and what with odd jobs for the neighbors and that, I make my seven shillings a week." She spoke proudly.

"But you can't live on that?" A faint incredulous smile crept over the smart lady's face.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, and pay my three pence a week to the burial club, too," Betty answered with pride.

"Dear me, it's very surprising! I read, you know, about how the poor



live, but I never believed it. I thought I should like to come and see. I've brought you some tea, by the way"—and she laid the parcel she carried upon the rickety table.

Betty still looked puzzled.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, ma'am," she said, turning over in her mind what in the world could have made this fine lady come here, and why she should have brought her that packet of tea. But her instincts as a hostess were very strong.

"You'll let me make you a cup of tea, won't you, ma'am?" she asked, and a kindly smile lit up her wrinkled old face. "The kettle is just on the boil, and a cup of tea 'ud do you good, after the long way as you've come."

Lady Allerton almost gasped. She quite stared with amazement. Moreover, she always drank China tea at home. This courteous, hospitable old body was a new revelation to her.

"Oh, no—no, thank you," she said, hurriedly; "I think I won't have any tea." Betty looked and felt profoundly disappointed. "I must be getting on now"—and her ladyship rose with haste, and with her petticoats still held tightly about her. "I shall come and see you again some day—good-after-noon!"

She bowed to the old woman, who stood holding the door open for her, and eyed her with polite interest. "Good afternoon."

She passed rustling down the stairs, and Betty returned to her chair and to the contemplation of her kettle.

"Deary me," she spoke aloud, a habit she had acquired from much living alone—"deary me, now! I wonder what brought that fine lady down here? And to see me, too! Pore thing! she haven't much idea of manners, neither, never to shake hands with me, nor nothin'. But there, perhaps she don't know no better, pore thing. I have heard say as the manners of the qual-

ity isn't what they was, and she meant well, no doubt, a-bringing me a pound of tea. Though it do seem queer, to my thinkin', to go callin' on folks as you don't know, and takin' of 'em pounds of tea. Why, how did she know as I wanted for her to come and call?" Betty shook her head sagely. "But there, she meant well, no doubt, and we've a' got to take things as they're meant."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And you know," Lady Allerton said to her husband that same evening, "the poor in the Borough are quite different from anything I expected. They didn't stand whilst I was in their rooms—they just sat and talked to me as if they were as good as I was."

"And so, no doubt, they are, my dear," Lord Allerton replied, lazily. "I daresay they wondered what on earth made you suddenly go and see them, and perhaps they thought it confoundedly impertinent of you. And so it was," he added, *sotto voce*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Old Betty's views of etiquette were founded on those which held good in her immediate neighborhood, where, if anybody stepped in to see you in friendly fashion one day, you generally stepped in upon them in like fashion during the course of the week.

Three days after Lady Allerton's visit to her, Betty dressed herself in her best clothes, a very worn but perfectly tidy black dress, a bonnet of antediluvian design, and a neat black shawl, and prepared to sally forth.

"Wherever are you a-goin' to?" her neighbor below asked.

"I'm a-goin' to see a lady as called on me," Betty announced, placidly, but in a tone which forbade further questioning, and she went out in the glory of her best clothes, feeling, dear soul, that the least she could do to repay the kindness shown by the smart lady to her was to call upon the lady in return.

She had never before been to the West-end, and the length of the journey, the grandeur of the streets and shops when she did finally arrive impressed her mightily.

"I'd a' liked to a' took her a little somethin'," she thought, "just as a sort of a return like for that tea, but I dunno as I can afford anything much, unless it was a flower." And Betty's eyes brightened as she met a flower-girl laden with a basket of deep red roses.

"Pick me out a nice one, my dear," she said to the girl; "I'm a-takin' of it to a lady as has been kind to me; I'm just a-goin' to return her call."

"There's a nice one, granny"—and the girl thrust a soft, deep-colored bud into the old woman's hand; "you looks a bit tired."

"Well, I be a bit tired, my dear—I've come a long way, but I'll get rested when I gets to the house, of course."

It took Betty some time to find the house, but a kindly postman pointed it out to her, and she climbed the steps a little wearily and rang the bell.

A gorgeous footman answered it. He looked her up and down with a supercilious air of surprise, but something in Betty's gentle old eyes and dignified manner made him ask her almost civilly what she wanted.

"I wanted to see Lady Allerton," she said.

"To see her ladyship?" The man stared. "I don't think she'll see you now—she've got company. Wait here a minute and I'll see."

So Betty stood humbly outside upon the steps and wondered over the curious treatment bestowed by the great upon their visitors, and over many other things, and longed very much to sit down and rest her aching old limbs, if it were only for a moment.

The footman returned to the door.

"Her ladyship wishes to know what you want," he asked; "she is busy just now, and she doesn't know you."

"I—I just come to see her," Betty faltered; "if you was to say as 'twas Mrs. Perkins of 125 William Street, she 'ud remember. She come to see me the day before yesterday, so I just come round to see her to-day. Perhaps she 'ud see me for a minute."

The footman again left her standing on the doorstep, returning shortly to ask her to come inside a minute.

Old Betty drew a long breath of wonder when she saw the hall. She had never imagined anything so lovely and luxurious. The carpet was so soft and beautiful. The very wall paper impressed her. Overhead there was a murmur of voices and she could hear the rattle of tea-cups. It was a welcome sound. Old Betty thought of her far-off room, and the fire that would have to be lighted before the kettle would boil for her own tea. The footman had vanished—the old woman stood humbly in the middle of that gorgeous hall for several minutes whilst the clatter of tea-cups and chatter of voices went on upstairs. Then there came the rustling of a silk dress, and Lady Allerton came quickly downstairs, an impatient little frown puckering her forehead.

She nodded rather frigidly to old Betty.

"Well, Mrs. Perkins," she said, "did you want anything? Have you come to ask me to do something for you?"

"Dear me, no ma'am!"—there was unutterable surprise in Betty's voice. "I just come to see you, because you was good enough to come and see me, and—"

"You—came—to—see me?" Lady Allerton looked the old woman up and down with well-bred insolence. "That was very kind of you, I am sure." The sarcasm passed unheeded over the simple old soul's head, she only noticed the words.

"Not to say kind," she answered, "'twas the least as I could do when

you was so nice as to come so far to see me, and me never knowin' you, nor askin' you to come, nor nothin'." The fine sarcasm of this was unintentional, and was lost on Lady Allerton.

"And brought me such fine tea, too," Betty added. "I 'ud have liked to bring you a little trifle, ma'am, but you will excuse it, I know, me bein' a pore woman, so I just brought you this."

She held out the red rose in her hand to the smartly-dressed lady, and smiled her kind old smile into the pretty petulant face.

"You brought me a rose? Dear me, what a funny thing to do, but very kind of you, I am sure, only I am sorry you spent your money."

The little careless words did strike Betty as lacking in courtesy, only she did not put it quite in those words in her mind. "Pore thing," she thought to herself; "nobody didn't take much heed to her manners when she was a girl, that's plain to be seen."

"And now I'm afraid I can't stop any more," Lady Allerton went on. "I have friends upstairs. You knew your way out, don't you?"—and she nodded towards the front door.

"Yes, thank you, ma'am, I can find my way out, and good day to you."

Betty's manners were those of a well-bred duchess.

Lady Allerton rustled upstairs again, and in her smart drawing-room regaled her friends with an account of her first experience of "slumming" in the Boro', whilst they ate thin bread-and-butter and cake.

"Fancy that queer old person coming to see me because I had been to see her. Did you ever hear of such a thing? I don't know what the lower classes will do next! Some people might have told

Temple Bar.

the old thing to her face that it was impertinence, but I didn't say that to her. No doubt she meant well, poor old thing."

"My dear, she did to you exactly what you had done to her. She called upon you uninvited, only she had some excuse. You had appeared to desire her acquaintance, seeing that you called upon her first," Lord Allerton said, drily.

"Don't be absurd, Dick—as if the two cases were in the least alike! You are so ridiculous about the poor, but of course she knew no better, poor soul."

Lady Allerton shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

Meanwhile old Betty, after fumbling with the latch of the front door, had finally got herself out into the street.

"Well, to be sure," she said to herself thoughtfully, as with tired feet she wearily wended her way home again, "the manners of the quality is stranger than I could ever a' thought they would a' bin. I'd never have guessed it—never! She never even asked me to sit down, nor to take a cup of tea, though I could hear as the tea was ready, the cups a-clinking and all. And me come all that way just for to see her! Well, well, it ain't for me to judge; perhaps she don't know no better, pore thing—she didn't never learn no manners when she was a girl, that's quite plain, and if you don't learn 'em as a girl, why, you don't never learn 'em, that's my idea. But maybe she meant better than she acted, pore thing—it ain't for me to judge."

Which shows that old Betty and her ladyship had curiously similar views about each other, from across that great gulf fixed between them!

*L. G. Moberly.*

## THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

## II.—PROVINCIAL.

In last week's issue we discussed the constitution of the Central Government at Peking. It now remains to treat briefly the provincial administrations and the relations in which they stand to the Central Government.

Excluding Manchuria, Mongolia and the Central Asian dominions, China is divided into eighteen provinces. At the head of each is a governor, and in several cases two or three are grouped together under a still higher official, whose proper title is governor-general, but who is more often spoken of as viceroy. The most important viceroys are the three that lie in the basin of the Yang-tze, having their headquarters at Nanking, Wuchang and Chengtu respectively. The first presided over at present by Liu Kun yi controls the three provinces of Kiangsu, Anhwei and Kiangsi; the second, with the well-known Chang Chih-tung at its head, controls the two central provinces of Hupeh and Hunan, and the third controls the large and wealthy province of Szechuen, the head of which is a Manchu named Kwei Chun. Of almost equal importance is the vicerealty of Canton, at the head of which is Li Hung Chang, controlling the two provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si. These eight provinces contain a population of over 200 millions and contribute three-fourths of the revenue of the Empire.

For all purposes of internal administration, the various provincial governments are practically independent. Each collects its own revenue, pays its own army and Civil Service, and in the riverine and seaboard provinces maintains a flotilla of war vessels and constructs coast defences. The

administration of justice is left in the hands of the ordinary officials, who combine this with their other functions. The district magistrate, for instance, who is the lowest official on the provincial scale, is at once collector of revenue, judge, coroner, head of police and public prosecutor, and he may on occasions be required to take the field in person against rebels. The same functions may fall to the lot of any official on the scale up to the Viceroy himself. Any officer is supposed to be capable of undertaking any public duty whatsoever. Death sentences require in ordinary circumstances to be ratified from Peking, but each viceroy or governor is armed with extraordinary powers which he may use at discretion in times of public danger, and which enable him to deal out summary justice at the shortest notice. He is invested, in fact, with a share of that absolute and autocratic power which is inherent in the Central Government, to whom, however, he remains responsible. The charge of each governor is to maintain peace and order within his own bounds. So long as he does that and carries on the government in accordance with the established rules, the Central Government does not interfere with him. He is not concerned with what may be going on in a neighboring province nor bound to spend his resources in its defence. Special orders, of course, may be sent from Peking directing him to assist, but the safety of his own province is his first charge, and any steps he may take will be subordinated to that paramount consideration.

The principal hold which the Peking Government has over the provincial

officials is the right of appointment and dismissal. All officials hold office during the pleasure of the Crown and can be dismissed at any time with or without reason assigned. No instance has been known of an official, however highly placed, refusing to lay down office and hand over the seals to his successor at the bidding of the Emperor or Empress. This power it should seem is sufficient to ensure prompt obedience to any orders from the Court, but it is checked by the fact that the successor to a viceroy or governor so removed must be selected from among the regular members of the Civil Service, who are all imbued with the same traditions of government and the same bureaucratic spirit. The Crown has never ventured to put into high office a mere creature of its own, or one who has not regularly entered the service by some recognized channel and risen through the ranks. Such an attempt would, undoubtedly raise a storm of indignation throughout the whole of the country such as no government could face.

This leads us to say a word as to the mode in which the official ranks are recruited—a system which has perhaps as much as anything else contributed to the general stability and moderation of the Government and prevented it from degenerating into a military dictatorship. Entrance to office is obtained, as is generally known, by a system of public examinations open to the humblest as well as the highest. Within recent years a certain number have been admitted by purchase, but only to junior rank. All practically have to begin at the foot of the ladder and work their way up, and all the high posts in the provinces and nearly all those in Peking are filled with men who have so risen. Admission is free to Manchus and to Chinese alike and until recent years there has been no preference shown in selection.

The great body of officials thus forms

a bureaucracy which stands in a middle position between the Crown and the people. Springing on the one hand from the multitude and looking on the other hand to the Crown, they are friendly to both. As governing the people they are the recognized medium for the redress of grievances and for formulating fresh legislation. As a whole they carry on the government of China both provincial and central, and they constitute a check, and a very efficient check on the vagaries of the autocratic power of the Emperor. At the same time the relations between them and the Imperial House have for many years been thoroughly cordial. There is no question of their loyalty to the dynasty, and on the other hand advice tendered by the great viceroys and governors has carried the greatest weight with the Central Government. Until the unhappy events of the last few years the distinction between Manchu and Chinamen seemed to be disappearing, and even yet it cannot be doubted that at the present moment a Manchu emperor is the only one who would command general recognition.

The relations between the Central and Provincial Governments are well illustrated by the system of finance. The Peking Government has no revenues peculiarly its own, but is dependent on the sums it can draw from the provinces. The Imperial Maritime Customs revenue may be deemed an exception, but even that is received in the first instance by the provincial treasuries, and in any case the whole of it is now pledged to foreign bondholders. The money for the support of the Manchu troops, as well as for the support of the Imperial household itself, must be drawn from the provinces. The customary practice has hitherto been for the Board of Revenue in Peking, which has nominal control over the finances of the Empire, to indent annually for such sums as were required for the use

of the central government, a certain amount being assessed on each province according to its supposed means and so long as the amount did not vary greatly from year to year it was paid with reasonable punctuality, but as more and more was asked for, it was only got with increasing difficulty. The expenses of local government were naturally the first charge on the provincial exchequer and the Peking demands could only be met out of the surplus. If there was no surplus, demands could be met only by increased taxation with its attendant unpopularity and risk of rebellion. Finance brings out in a marked manner the strength and weakness of the Imperial Government. So far as legislation goes the Central Government can impose taxes to any extent. An Imperial decree being the highest form of legislation, it has only to issue the decree and the law is complete. But to carry such a law into execution is a different matter. It can only be done through the constituted provincial authorities and if these decline to co-operate or declare it to be impossible, it cannot be done at all. The particular governor or viceroy so refusing may,

*The Saturday Review.*

of course, be dismissed, but the solidarity of interest that pervades the service will prompt his successor to do the same thing and for the same reasons, though perhaps in a more guarded form.

To apply these remarks to the present position of affairs in Peking, the pay for the Manchu troops and the large bodies of Chinese troops now surrounding Tien-tsin must be drawn from the provinces of the Yang-tze basin and of the Canton River. If this money is not forthcoming, as under the present temper of the Viceroy it is not likely to be the troops now opposing the allied advance must in no long time dissolve for want of food or break up into predatory bands. Of the two forces which lie at the back of all governments—the power of the purse and the power of the sword—the Peking Government can only wield one and that by reason of the existence of the hereditary Manchu army which is at its call. The power of the purse is in the hands of the great viceroys and is only available to the Central Government by their concurrence.

---

#### A VISION OF THE DEAD.

They fly forgotten; as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

So keep them, God, safe in the Quiet Land,  
Hold them within the hollow of Thine Hand.  
Lo! where the serried ranks before us stand  
Of the unnumbered Dead.

From scenes of vanished glory once they came,  
From fields of long obliterated fame—  
We view them now with half-regretful shame,  
All the forgotten Dead.



From happy homesteads, where the ruddy light  
Shone from the hearth upon the dear faces bright.  
Those fires are cold, and parted from our sight:  
The once beloved Dead.

From mothers' arms, and tender parent care,  
These rove, a countless throng of infants fair.  
Dim through the twilight gleams the golden hair  
Of little ones long dead.

And here are saints who lived and prayed of yore,  
With heroes, who the martyr palm-branch bore.  
Now they are names to us, and little more,  
Though holy, honored Dead.

And warriors, who to save their country died,  
All human souls who lived and laughed and cried,  
Whom joy made blest, or sorrow sanctified—  
All, all the vanished Dead.

They stretch mute hands to us across the years;  
We answer back with helpless, yearning tears.—  
Life's tide rolls up, and swift it disappears,  
That vision of the Dead!

Peace! they are free of human slight or wrong;  
Patience! the crowning moments speed along.  
Soon, soon, we too must join the swelling throng  
Of the forgotten Dead!

Forgotten! yet be sure they understand,  
Whom God forgets not in the Quiet Land,  
And holds within the hollow of His Hand,  
His dear, remembered Dead.

*The Sunday Magazine.*

*E. L. Thomas.*

---

#### CHRISTIANITY A RELIGION OF GROWTH.

This week has witnessed the gathering in London of several thousands of persons, mostly British and American, connected with an organization called the Society of Christian Endeavor. The objects of this body appear to be a little vague, and some of the addresses delivered at the meetings even

vaguer. There is, too, a certain "note" of effervescent self-advertisement in the movement which strikes us as less Christian than modern and commercial. But we do not doubt that the influence of the movement as a whole upon the young people who take part in it is for good, probably for great

good. For the ultimate idea of the society, which had its origin in the State of Maine some years ago, appears to be to impart a certain living enthusiasm to the young by enlisting their services in positive Christian work for the good of their fellow-creatures over and above the mere performance of the ordinary religious duties and rites common to all churches. The conventional religious order in all countries and among every race is always in danger of lapsing into a conventional pharisaism, a repetition of formulas, an exaltation of creeds over character and life. After one has passed a certain stage in life it is not easy to break up this parched human soil and to fertilize it with the rains and air of heaven. Therefore, the appeal for a more heroic and less routine attitude of soul stands far greater chance of response when made to the young, and this seems to be precisely what the Christian Endeavor movement does. We should doubt whether, in that appeal, mere enthusiastic emotion does not greatly outweigh a reasoned basis of Christian action. But, be that as it may, we say again that we fully believe in the essential value of this movement. To give to the young a high aim in life which calls for devotion and love to mankind is a very noble achievement.

But the most important and significant fact about a movement of this character is the renewed proof it brings of the infinite capacity of Christianity to adapt itself to new conditions and to reappear in ever new forms. The question is asked, what are the especial traits of Christianity which mark it off from other forms of religion? There are not a few, but foremost among these traits is the elasticity and capacity for growth of the Christian religion. On mere scientific grounds we might fairly predict the success of Christianity in its great

world-competition with other religious forms, because of this unique fact. It can perpetually adapt itself, can persistently readjust itself to a new environment. We do not deny that this capacity has its peculiar dangers which Christ foresaw when he uttered the parable of the tares and the wheat. The tares have grown plentifully in the Christian Church, probably from the Apostolic times, certainly from a very early age when Christianity was played upon by the subtle influences of the Graeco-Roman world. By the fifth century the tone of the pagan stole was often higher than that of the outwardly conforming Christian; and to-day the furious anti-Christian call for "revenge" on the Chinese from the very people who profess to have been upholding the cause of Christian missions in China shows how our ideas as to Christian conduct are liable to become confused.

But it is the unique distinction of Christianity that it can be revived and largely restated without altering its essential truth. Examine the religion of the Moslem world and you will find that this is not the case. That is why it is so impossible to reform Moslem society, to give it a new principle of life. The Koran, a series of commands from a kind of celestial autocrat, has told the Faithful once for all and in every detail what to believe and to do, thus leaving no opportunity for growth. We are far from saying that the Arabian Prophet conferred no blessings on mankind; he did a great work of social purification in the corrupt society of Arabia, and his gospel may prove helpful to the black races of Africa, who need to be removed by a great effort from their low worship and customs. Beyond that, however, Islam cannot possibly be the creed of progressive mankind, for it represents a hardened, stationary belief. Buddhism is of course a far more spiritual

creed, born of as noble an enthusiasm as the world has ever known, and it has exerted for centuries a refining influence on Oriental life. To-day even in some parts of Burma it is the root of a singularly beautiful and simple life, flowering out into some of the purest virtues. But, taking the East as a whole, Buddhism is almost an extinct spiritual force. It has hardened into a system, mechanized itself in prayer-wheels, tinkling bells and vain repetitions. In China, to which it penetrated so early, it is not the active force in life; such religion, or rather rationalized morality, as actuates the Chinese mind is the system of Confucius. In its native home (India) Buddhism is no more. In Japan it has apparently helped to produce an externally refined character, beneath which, however, lie some very sinister traits and a general frame of mind which is æsthetic rather than religious. Hinduism is undoubtedly a very great fact, its priesthood powerful, its numbers growing, its influence enormous. But it is all systematized; its increase is by accretion rather than by growth, and—most striking fact of all—it tends to perish when brought into living contact with culture. It cannot, as a whole, adapt itself to new conditions of life.

We are well aware that some of the criticisms just made on other religions might be passed on organized Christianity in some of its forms. As we have said, the universal tendency of man is to stereotype, to be a slave of the letter and of tradition, and the tendency has made itself only too painfully manifest in the Christian Church, so that at times we have to ask ourselves, what is left there of the spirit of Christ? The Roman Church of Julius II and Leo X, the Eastern Church prior to the Iconoclastic movement, the English Church under the first two Georges, the

Lutheran Church of the last century—what stiffened corpses they all seem! The pulse is still; decay seems to have marked with her "effacing fingers" the body of Christ. But it has always proved in the Christian world that death is but the prelude to resurrection. Out from the black chaos when the Roman civilization fell and crumbled into mouldy fragments, Gregory and Benedict organized a new spiritual order in Western Europe, an order marked not merely by faith, but by faith which showed itself in works so beneficent, that we may trace in large measure the better elements of our life to-day to these men. When the older religious movement again becomes rigid in the thirteenth century, the new Orders of Dominicans and Franciscans, not organized from any central source, but growing freely from different perceptions of Christian truth, pour fresh streams of life and thought on the soil of Christianity. A mechanized Christianity in England is met by the faithful fervor, at various times, of a Wycliffe, a Latimer, a George Fox, a Bunyan, and a Wesley. The renewal of life, even at the most barren period, is perpetual and certain; the spring never runs dry. In rich, formal Milan St. Carlo Borromeo reveals new depths in the Christian idea of love; the example and memory of St. Vincent de Paul inspires men and women to a love for the suffering which Pliny and Seneca, with all their fine ethical theories, never really felt in their inmost hearts. Perhaps the true central life of Christianity has never been so much revealed in the regular ecclesiastical system as in the spontaneous offshoots (at times "perplexed in faith, but pure in deed") of the spirit of faith and love which have grown into such mighty agencies for the deliverance of mankind. That these agencies have penetrated every corner of the globe and have been

found compatible with all manner of intellectual opinions and social institutions is one of the most profound and convincing proofs that Christianity is, in the ordering of things, destined to become the religion of mankind. That tiny germ, the least of seeds, is becoming a mighty tree, and the fowls of the air will lodge under its branches.

*The Spectator.*

---

### THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

The Samphire gatherer to the cliff-face clings  
Halfway 'twixt sky and sea;  
She has but youth and courage for her wings,  
And always Death about her labor sings,  
And fain would loosen steady hand or knee,  
And cast her down among life's broken things,  
But danger shakes with fitful murmurings  
No such brave heart as she.

The gulls are crying in her heedless ears  
That strength is made a mock  
At grips with the great sea. She has no fears,  
But treads with naked feet the stair of rock  
That has but known for years on weary years  
The touch of sea-gulls' wings, the sea that rears  
Her waves against it with recurrent shock,  
The sun that burns and sears.

She has no fears because her daily bread  
She sees made manifest  
Here in the pendulous weed that tempts her tread  
Upon so wild and dangerous a quest.  
The samphire sways and dangles overhead  
And home is far below; and in that nest  
Are little hungry mouths that must be fed,  
Though Danger be her neighbor and her guest.

Night brings her little children to her knee  
For daily bread to pray;  
Their father tosses on the open sea,  
Where flashing shoals of silver dolphins play.  
But hungry mouths must feed while he's away,  
So the brave mother clammers day by day,  
And pulls the samphire trails, and knows not she  
Is of that school of saints that wear no bay,  
But do God's work the still and splendid way.

*Nora Hopper.*